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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ENGLISH VIEW OF FRENCH REVOLUTION.

A Review of the French Revolution of 1848: from the 24th of February to the Election of the First President. By Captain Chamier, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

MUCH as we have heard about the French Revolutions, this dashing account from the pen of an eye-witness, of no common talents or powers of description, will, especially in the opening story of the February *émeute*, gratify no small share of public curiosity. Hastening to make our readers acquainted with it, we shall only remark that the author speaks out and writes unsparingly; and thus we begin to show it, starting with the New Year's day of 1848, when the death of Madame Adelaide had left her royal brother more exposed to evil than he might have been had she continued to live and advise him. The author observes that the King had gradually become unpopular:—

"It was declared he connived at the pecuniary indiscretions of Monsieur Teste, and that he had sheltered the Duc de Praslin: in short, whenever the Funds rose, it was a trick of the king in conjunction with Rothschild, and whenever they fell, the king was realizing."

"The poor old king who had been shot at about once a year, and who was reported on all occasions to have manifested the greatest courage and greatest coolness, and who was regarded, even by his enemies, as the most talented sovereign in Europe, was, on the first of January, 1848, complimented as usual, and when the Chambers had assembled, *Vive le Roi*, was the general shout. But Guizot—Guizot was awfully unpopular, and had he properly appreciated the pressure from without, he would have resigned; the monarchy would have been saved, and the unpopular minister of February would have returned to power six months afterwards."

"A Frenchman (he continues, in his caustic mood) is altogether an indescribable animal; his heart is in his heels. Nature formed him for a caper; he appears quite incapable of sincerity, and will swear fidelity and allegiance to half a hundred kings, without the smallest intention of keeping his promise."

"Amongst the young and the giddy, the *Chamrière*, the *Bel Mabile*, *Chateau Rouge*, or even *Valentino*, can lure them from all domestic happiness, and they may be seen flinging about their legs and arms in attitudes which might astonish a backwood savage at a war dance; indeed, the gentlemen brought from those settlements, and exhibited at *Valentino* a few years ago, had much more respect to decency and elegance in their savage war-whoops, than some of the most accomplished and refined people (that is, if we believe their own account of themselves) in the whole world."

"Here, then, is the difference of the two countries. A Frenchman knows every body's business but his own; an Englishman knows his own, and seldom troubles himself about his neighbour's:—in this last description I omit the ladies."

"Every Frenchman mingles in politics; the affairs of Queen Pomare are as much canvassed as his own miserable bread and onions, or his domestic difficulties."

"When the men amuse themselves with politics and public balls, the wives are not very often more chaste than their husbands. 'The streets of Paris,' said an old diplomatist, 'are paved with deceit and falsehood, and every step a man takes in this city of vice, is on the pathway of dishonesty and deception.' With a population of this description, where every

man believes himself out of his proper sphere, and where every man declares himself quite competent to take the situation of minister of finance, or of public works, and what is still more deplorable, where every man is more or less a soldier, one cannot wonder that such sudden changes should occur as those we have lately witnessed."

Paris was in the full tide of prosperity when this *émeute*, growing like a monster into a revolution, broke out. At first it was a small beginning, but the crisis and crash came rapidly on,—

"The Boulevards are a public thoroughfare, and thousands of pedestrians were in motion; some indeed, nay many, stopped to shout '*à bas Guizot*!' and so little did that statesman seem to heed the warning cry, that he came out in his garden in his dressing-gown, looked at the clouds, not as in fear of anything but the weather, got into his carriage, and went to the Chambers. Certainly Monsieur Guizot can never be accused of want of courage, however much his want of prudence may be questioned."

"The soldiers were directed to keep the *trottoir* clear which is by the side of the garden wall, the consequence was, that like a rock in a tide-way, the people were forced round the promontory. This made a great accumulation in the streets, to obviate which, and to 'keep moving' the people, a company of the Municipal Guards *à cheval*, walked leisurely up and down; this again drove the people on the opposite *trottoir*, and thus occasioned, exactly underneath the balcony, a choice collection of the human species, some wishing to walk on, and some determined to stand still and shout '*à bas Guizot*!'"

"Like the opposition of the sea to the outset of a river, when the latter is arrested and deposits its sand, creating in time an insuperable bar, so these stationary men, by degrees, arresting hundreds of others, completely choked the thoroughfare."

"A company of infantry came across to clear the way, the officer was laughed at, and the men mocked; upon which, and certainly without any orders, the word was given to charge bayonets. The drum beat the charge, and the soldiers advanced; then, indeed, was confusion worse confounded, and although everything was done with great forbearance on each side, and no accident occurred; yet no sooner was the path cleared, and the soldiers had returned, than the same mob, but more angrily disposed, for a stone or two began to be thrown, returned also, becoming more clamorous in their shouts, and certainly more disposed to mischief."

"At that moment we ventured an opinion that a revolution was at hand, although there appeared no mischievous intention; again and again the same pretence at a charge occurred. The Municipal Guards now began to trot their horses, the mob was more suddenly displaced, until both parties seemed tired of the game of changing places, and the mob and the soldiers withdrew. We returned home by the Champs Elysées, and here saw the first slight collision that occurred."

"A lancer, on a very tired horse, was trotting between the trees, making a straight course to his destination; no sooner was he espied, than a shout was raised, and a collection of low vagabonds went in pursuit of him. The jaded animal felt the spur and quickened its pace, the stones began to fall in showers around them; in vain the poor horse, seemingly aware of his master's danger, tried its utmost strength, and in vain did the rider, as he saw his desperate pursuers gain upon the wearied animal, ungenerously use the spur. The mob were close upon him, when on a sudden a detachment of the line, which occupied a guard-house on the other side

of the Champs Elysées, appeared advancing at the charge, and saved the lancer's life, although he had received one or two severe wounds from the stones; we never before had felt so much interest in the fate of a stranger. The pursuing ruffians would have torn him to pieces, and we are convinced the poor brute, which tried its utmost to save its rider, could not have continued at a trot two hundred yards further."

"The mob thus baffled vented their rage on the soldiers by hurling stones, and although once or twice the latter turned round and pointed their muskets (which was quite sufficient to put these vagabonds to flight, without firing), no actual collision, besides the capture of one man and the throwing of the stones, occurred."

"Whilst this scene was enacting, another party had stormed a guard-house in the Avenue Matignon, captured it, and set it on fire; it was blazing as we passed, no one attempted to extinguish it, but many looked on as the work of destruction continued. We passed between these idle and useless spectators and the fire; no one made a remark, they were looking on in solemn silence, apparently undetermined how to act; one or two boys cut down some slender trees and fed the flames, and these little urchins seemed the only actively employed persons in the vicinity."

"The city by this time was in considerable confusion—that awful word to French ears—*barricades*—had been used, and the increasing number of Municipal Guards, who were very foolishly kept trotting up and down the streets at a full pace, contributed to dismay the populace, and to tire their horses. In the meanwhile barricades began to be erected. Carts were seized and upset. Omnibuses were added, and the active *gamin de Paris* began his uninterrupted work of picking up the pavement. Two boys, certainly neither of them seventeen years of age, made the barricade at the corner of the Rue Montaigne."

"At dark a certain tranquillity prevailed in some quarters, but at Monceaux the National Guards were forced into collision with the mob; a regular firing occurred, and consequently the first killed was in this affray; and here, so badly provided were the National Guards, either from distrust or negligence, that no man had more than three rounds of ball cartridge. The mob, however, although ultimately repulsed, had manifested their delight in mischief and fire-works, and had burnt the *Octrois* at the Faubourg du Roule and Monceaux."

"So badly had precautions been taken, and so very negligently had the troops been stationed, that in reviewing the Champs Elysées early on the morning of the 23rd, the horses and men which had bivouacked the whole night in the open space in front of Franconi's, were more like the rear-guard of the Emperor's army in his retreat from Moscow, than a regiment of troops to begin an attack. The horses were covered with mud, and the riders evidently little inclined to refresh them by cleanliness; they were yawning and stretching themselves with becoming French discipline. On the opposite side a regiment of the line offered a more imposing appearance, and farther down, towards the Place de la Concorde, a clean set of horses and riders gave a good military *coup d'œil*. It seemed that as they advanced towards royalty, they advanced also in cleanliness and discipline."

"This day Guizot resigned, and so little did we apprehend anything like personal danger, that we walked to the house of a foreign minister, where we dined; and afterwards, as no barricades were erected then on the Boulevards, we drove to the French

opera, which we found closed. The Rue de la Paix was illuminated; thousands and thousands walked quietly up and down, and so close were the mob, that we had great difficulty in crossing the street. But all was exceedingly quiet; the resignation of Guizot was considered the end of the *émeute*; no evil disposition was manifested until ten o'clock, when the unfortunate fusillade at the Ministère des Affaires Étrangères changed events."

On the fatal morning "Louis Philippe reviewed, in person, several divisions of the National Guards. The 'divinity which hedges in a king' seemed to have dulled its halo, for when his Majesty approached these defenders of their country, their king, and their faith, a cry was raised of '*Vive la Reforme*.' His Majesty, with considerable coolness, added:—'*Messieurs, vous l'aurez*;' upon which a degree of loyalty seemed suddenly injected into the turbid blood of these half rebellious citizens, and the cry was changed to '*Vive le Roi*.' To have heard it, and to have been unacquainted with these people, it would have sounded like sincerity. The drums beat, the review was over, the last echo of '*Vive le Roi*' was lost for ever, and two hours afterwards his Majesty was a fugitive—an abdicated, a dethroned monarch."

"It is credited by all, that the king was grossly deceived—that he was led to believe the *émeute* was silenced (although he must have heard the sharp firing at the Château d'Eau), and it is said that he himself recommended the withdrawal of the troops, so as to calm the excitement. The entrance of Monsieur Emile de Girardin dispelled that hope; his Majesty was informed of the actual state of affairs; he offered to mount his horse and face the rebels; and instead of thus gloriously conquering or falling, he listened to the voice of a doubtful friend and agreed to abdicate."

"During this time where was that man, who, when peaceable parades amused the public, proudly rode with his staff, and looked a very Hector in the field, where was Monsieur Tiburce Sebastiani? where was the commander-in-chief of the first division? Monsieur Sebastiani was at breakfast at the Hôtel de Ville, after which luxurious repast he amused himself reading the papers, and actually so cool and collected was this veteran warrior of reviews, that he quietly consigned himself to a chair, and allowed a barber to exercise his skill on his chin! Has anybody ever heard of this general since? Did anybody get a cheering glance of his warrior eye during the instantaneous conquest? Did any soldier hear his command to fix his bayonet, or to charge the foe? Was he near his sovereign? did he aid him by his counsels, or await his commands? And where was General Jacqueminot, the commander-in-chief of the National Guards? It is said that every one looked to the Duke de Nemours, but the Duke de Nemours gave no orders, and, perhaps, had no authority to give any."

"During the night barricades had been raised in every quarter, and Monsieur Thiers awoke to the music of a *fusillade*. His proclamation had never been signed, nor had it been sent to the Monitor; it was, consequently, believed a false report, and was torn down as soon as read. To re-assure the populace it was proposed that Odillon Barrot should mount a horse, and as he rode through each street, he should proclaim the truth; but Monsieur Odillon Barrot, although a great lawyer, declared he was no cavalier, and quietly refused the invitation, which, however, he ultimately accepted, having two men to lead the horse, like kings of former days, especially on the stage. Paris is a stage; there everything is acted: there is no sincerity, no reality. Monsieur Guizot now left the Tuileries, not to be heard of again, until his arrival in England."

When the King was beset by false advisers and timid councils in the Tuileries,—

"The soldiers who had occupied the open space of the Place du Carrousel retreated as the crowd approached, and finally got within the iron railings which enclose the palace, shut the gates, and awaited events."

"The haste already manifested towards every wrong

step, and the slowness of any advance in the right direction, was still evident; not an effort had been made to check this insurrection; about three hundred men had begun it, and as victory attended their steps, their numbers increased. Where there is no danger, there will always be recruits; on they came unopposed, until the little fortification of the Château d'Eau arrested their progress; and had that spirit of resistance been shown elsewhere, Louis Philippe would now have been upon his throne. It is true Caussidière says, (when speaking of a remark made by Lamoricière, at a dinner given by Crémieux, and which remark was:—that *had he received orders*, he would have arranged the affair without a republic,) that one hundred thousand men were ready and armed to oppose the troops,—yet Monsieur Caussidière labours under the imputation, very common to his countrymen, of being a little inclined to *broder*, and not a soul who witnessed, as we did, every phase of this revolution, believes one word of the assertion. The whole was the effect of chance; the most sanguine of the reformers, the most desperate of the insurrectionists, never contemplated this result."

As we advance, the account does not fall off in novelty or interest; and we must therefore reserve more of our dashing author for future *Gazetting*.

THE LATE LAUREATE.

The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. C. C. Southey. Vol. I. Longmans.

THE first portion of this long announced work is so fragmentary that it would be foolish to venture an opinion as to what the whole was likely to prove. But as nearly a moiety of the volume is occupied with autobiographical reminiscences of the author's childhood, to the time he had been a year or two at Westminster School, we may safely speak of this portion as a separate performance, and say how much it has gratified us in the perusal. Gossipy as womanhood and garrulous as "the Doctor," playful and piquant, it forces us to see an interest about persons and things of so little consequence that we wonder how even the connexion with Southey can invest them with sufficient *matériel* not to try our patience. But so it is, and the genealogy of families, the notices of common and indifferent people, the descriptions of casual impressions, the nursery, as it were, turned out to view, and the exploits of boy comrades, the characters of various teachers, and small anecdotes of household affairs and relations, are all set forth in so lively and fresh a manner that our amusement never flags, and our sense is ever and anon awakened to suggestions of philosophical import to the great business of more mature life.

With regard to the nature and design of the entire publication, the editor observes:—

"It were useless to endeavour to refute the various objections often made to a son's undertaking such a task; yet one remark may be permitted, that although a son may not be a fit person to pass judgment upon a father's character, he yet may faithfully chronicle his life; and is undoubtedly, by a natural right, the most proper person to have all private letters submitted to his eye, and all family affairs intrusted to his judgment."

"With this feeling, and with the full conviction that I am acting in accordance with what would have been my father's own wish, I have not thought it right to shrink from an undertaking, for which I cannot claim to have in other respects any peculiar qualifications. Accordingly, my object has been, not to compose a regular biography, but rather to lay before the reader such a selection from my father's letters, as will give, in his own words, the history of his life; and I have only added such remarks as I judged necessary for connexion or explanation; indeed the even tenor of his life, during its greater portion, affords but little matter for pure biography, and the course of his literary pursuits, his opinions on passing events, and the few incidents of his own career, will all be found narrated by himself in a much more natural

manner than if his letters had been worked up into a regular narrative."

How the execution may fulfil this programme remains to be seen; meanwhile we turn to the narrative in hand. The ancestry and collateral relations of the poet need not detain us, though they detain him through a good many letters, beginning with the first of a series, dated Keswick, July 26, 1820, and addressed to his friend Mr. John May. Here he says, pleasantly,—

"I cannot trace my family farther back by the church registers than Oct. 25, 1696, on which day my grandfather Thomas, the son of Robert Southey, and Ann, his wife, was baptized at Wellington, in Somersetshire. The said Robert Southey had seven other children, none of whom left issue. In the subsequent entries of their birth (for Thomas was the eldest) he is designated sometimes as yeoman, sometimes as farmer. His wife's maiden name was Locke, and she was of the same family as the philosopher (so called) of that name, who is still held in more estimation than he deserves. She must have been his niece, or the daughter of his first cousin. The register at Wellington goes back only to the year 1683. But I have heard that Robert's grandfather, that is, my great, great grandfather (my children's *trifolius*), was a great clothier at Wellington, and had eleven sons who peopled that part of the country with Southey. In Robert's days there were no fewer than seven married men of the name in the same parish. Robert himself was the younger of two sons, and John his elder brother was the head of the family. They must have been of gentle blood (though so obscure that I have never by any accident met with the name in a book), for they bore arms in an age when armorial bearings were not assumed by those who had no right to them. The arms are a chevron argent, and three cross crosslets, argent, in a field sable. I should like to believe that one of my ancestors had served in the crusades, or made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

The various branches are, however, treated of, and one Uncle William, in particular, an odd character, and such as Southey revels in sketching:—

"When it was found (we are told) impossible to make any thing of him by education, he was left to himself, and passed more time in the kitchen than in the parlour, because he stood in fear of his step-father. There he learnt to chew tobacco and to drink."

"Strange creature as he was, I think of him very often, often speak of him, quote some of his odd sayings, and have that sort of feeling for his memory, that he is one of the persons whom I should wish to meet in the world to come."

"The man of whom he learnt the use, or rather the abuse, of tobacco, was a sottish servant, as ignorant as a savage of everything which he ought to have known; that is to say of everything which ought to have been taught him. My mother, when a very little girl, reproved him once for swearing. 'For shame, Thomas,' she said, 'you should not say such naughty words! for shame! say your prayers, Thomas.' 'No, Missey!' said the poor wretch, 'I sha'n't; I sha'n't say my prayers, I never said my prayers in all my life, Missey; and I sha'n't begin now.' My uncle William (the Squire he was called in the family) provoked him dangerously once. He was dozing beside the fire, with his hat on, which, as is still the custom among the peasantry (here in Cumberland at least), he always wore in the house. You, perhaps, are not enough acquainted with the mode of chewing tobacco, to know that in vulgar life a quid commonly goes through two editions; and that after it has been done with, it is taken out of the mouth, and reserved for a second regale. My uncle William, who had learnt the whole process from Thomas, and always faithfully observed it, used to call it, in its intermediate state, an old soldier. A sailor deposits, or, if there be such a word (and if there is not, there ought to be), reposes it in his tobacco-box. I have heard my brother Tom say, that this practice occasioned a great dislike in the navy to the one and two pound notes; for when the men were paid in paper, the tobacco-box served them for purse or pocket-book in lack of any thing better, and notes were often rendered illegible

by the deep stain of a wet quid. Thomas's place for an old soldier between two campaigns, while he was napping and enjoying the narcotic effects of the first mastication, was the brim of his hat; from whence the Squire on this occasion stole the veteran quid, and substituted in its place a dead mouse just taken from the trap. Presently the sleeper, half-wakening without unclosing his eyes, and half-stupefied, put up his hand, and, taking the mouse with a finger and thumb, in which the discriminating sense of touch had been blunted by coarse work and unclean habits, opened his mouth to receive it, and, with a slow sleepy tongue, endeavoured to accommodate it to its usual station, between the double teeth and the cheek. Happening to put it in headforemost, the hind legs and the tail hung out, and a minute or more was spent in vain endeavours to lick these appendages in, before he perceived in the substance, consistence, and taste, something altogether unlike tobacco. Roused at the same time by a laugh which could no longer be suppressed, and discovering the trick which had been played, he started up in a furious age, and, seizing the poker, would have demolished the Squire for this practical jest, if he had not provided a retreat by having the doors open, and taking shelter where Thomas could not, or dared not, follow him."

An anecdote of another singular character follows: "Devout as his Miscellanies are of any merit, Parson Collins, as he was called (not in honour of the cloth), had some humour. In repairing the public road, the labourers came so near his garden wall, that they injured the foundations, and down it fell. He complained to the waywardens, and demanded reparation, which they would have evaded if they could, telling him it was but an old wall, and in a state of decay. 'Gentleman,' he replied, 'old as the wall was it served my purpose. But, however, I have not the smallest objection to your putting up a second-hand one in its place.' This anecdote I heard full five-and-thirty years ago from one of my school-masters, who had been a rival of Collins, and was satirized by him in the Miscellanies. His school failed him not because he was deficient in learning, of which he seems to have had a full share for his station, but because of his gross and scandalous misconduct. He afterwards kept something so like an alehouse, that he got into a scrape with his superiors."

Of his own mother, he relates,— "There are two portraits of my mother, both taken by Robert Hancock in 1798. My brother Tom has the one; the other hangs opposite me where I am now seated in my usual position at my desk. Neither of these would convey to a stranger a just idea of her countenance. That in my possession is very much the best: it represents her as she then was, with features care-worn and fallen away, and with an air of melancholy which was not natural to her; for never was any human being blest with a sweeter temper, or a happier disposition. She had an excellent understanding, and a readiness of apprehension, which I have rarely known surpassed. In quickness of capacity, in the kindness of her nature, and in that kind of moral magnetism which wins the affections of all within its sphere, I never knew her equal. To strangers she must probably have appeared much disfigured by the smallpox. I, of course, could not be sensible of this. Her complexion was very good, and nothing could be more expressive than her fine clear hazel eyes."

"Female education was not much regarded in her childhood. The ladies who kept boarding-schools in those days did not consider it necessary to possess any other knowledge themselves than that of ornamental needlework. Two sisters, who had been mistresses of the most fashionable school in Herefordshire, fifty years ago, used to say when they spoke of a former pupil, 'Her went to school to *we*;' and the mistress of which, some ten years later, was thought the best school near Bristol (where Mrs. Siddons sent her daughter), spoke, to my perfect recollection, much such English as this. My mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing-school, and her state was the more gracious. But her half-

sister, Miss Tyler, was placed at one in the neighbourhood under a Mrs. —, whom I mention because her history is characteristic of those times. Her husband carried on the agreeable business of a butcher in Bristol, while she managed a school for young ladies about a mile out of the town. His business would not necessarily have disqualified her for this occupation (though it would be no recommendation), Kirke White's mother, a truly admirable woman, being in this respect just under like circumstances. But Mrs. — might, with more propriety, have been a blacksmith's wife; as, in that case, Vulcan might have served for a type of her husband in his fate, but not in the complacency with which he submitted to it, horns sitting as easily on his head as upon the beasts which he slaughtered. She was a handsome woman, and her children were, like the 'Harleian Miscellany,' by different authors. This was notorious; yet her school flourished notwithstanding, and she retired from it at last with a competent fortune, and was visited as long as she lived by her former pupils. This may serve to show a great improvement in the morals of middle life."

"Two things concerning my mother's childhood and youth may be worthy of mention. One is, that she had for a fellow scholar at the dancing-school Mary Darby* (I think her name was), then in her beauty and innocence, soon afterwards notorious as the Prince of Wales's Perdita, and to be remembered hereafter, though a poor poetess, as having, perhaps, a finer feeling of metre, and more command of it than any of her contemporaries. The other is, that my mother, who had a good ear for music, was taught by her father to whistle; and he succeeded in making her such a proficient in this unusual accomplishment, that it was his delight to place her upon his knee, and make her entertain his visitors with a display. This art she never lost, and she could whistle a song-tune as sweetly as a skilful player could have performed it upon the flute."

Southey went to many schools, and develops the poetic progress of his mind, from very early intimate acquaintance with the stage (when six and seven years old, his Aunt, with whom he stayed, being intimate with the Bath and Bristol proprietors), by a multitude of anecdotes, of which we separate a series from the mass:—

"I was inoculated at Bath at two years old, and most certainly believe that I have a distinct recollection of it as an insulated fact, and the precise place where it was performed. My mother sometimes fancied that my constitution received permanent injury from the long preparatory lowering regimen upon which I was kept. Before that time, she used to say, I had always been plump and fat, but afterwards became the lean, lank, greyhound-like creature that I have ever since continued."

His aunt, "Miss Tyler, had a numerous acquaintance, such as her person and talents (which were of no ordinary kind) were likely to attract. The circle of her Herefordshire acquaintance, extending as far as the sphere of the three music meetings in the three dioceses of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, she became intimate with the family of Mr. Raikes, printer and proprietor of the *Gloucester Journal*. One of his sons introduced Sunday Schools into this kingdom; others became India Directors, Bank Directors, &c., in the career of mercantile prosperity. His daughter, who was my aunt's friend, married Francis Newberry, of St. Paul's Churchyard, son of that Francis Newberry who published 'Goody Two-shoes,' 'Giles Gingerbread,' and other such delectable histories in sixpenny books for children, splendidly bound in the flowered and gilt Dutch paper of former days. As soon as I could read, which was very early, Mr. Newberry presented me with a whole set of these books, more than twenty in number: I dare say they were in Miss Tyler's possession at her death, and in perfect preservation, for she taught me (and I thank her for it) never to spoil nor injure anything. This was a rich present, and may have been more instrumental than

* Mary Robinson.

I am aware of in giving me that love of books, and that decided determination to literature, as the one thing desirable, which manifested itself from my childhood, and which no circumstances in after life ever slackened or abated."

"I can trace with certainty the rise and direction of my poetical pursuits. They grew out of my aunt's intimacy with Miss —. Her father had acquired a considerable property as a wax and tallow-chandler at Bath, and vested great part of it in a very curious manner for an illiterate tradesman. He had a passion for the stage, which he indulged by speculating in theatres; one he built at Birmingham, one at Bristol, and one at Bath. Poor man, he outlived his reasonable faculties, and was, when I knew him, a pitiable spectacle of human weakness and decay, hideously ugly, his nose grown out in knobs and bulbs, like an underground artichoke, his fingers crooked and knotted with the gout, filthy, irascible, helpless as an infant, and feebler than one in mind."

Out of this grew the stage acquaintance of which we have spoken. But we must reserve farther matter for a continuation.

LORD ROBERTSON'S POEMS.

Sonnets, Reflective and Descriptive; and other Poems. By Lord Robertson, LL.D. Edinburgh: Fraser and Co. London: Orr and Co.

THE amateur outbreak into verse, if we may so term it, from being printed for private distribution, of this famed humorist and learned judge, took the public by surprise a few years ago; and since then his critical opinions on poetical composition have shown that its principles were justly appreciated by him, though he had reached mature years before he attempted, or at least avowed, the practice. Under these circumstances, we do not think we could expect anything very great and striking. The mastering passions on which poetry is based are tempered down by the world and age, even where cultivation has kept them in a living and active state; and we consider it hardly possible that Memory should supply enough of the data to rekindle the early fires which have been for a period extinct. The volcano may smoulder, but will not emit sublime eruptions or flashes of flame, to set the wide horizon in a blaze or vivify the earth with electric powers. There may be a lambent play, a glowing illumination, a sparkling dazzle, and a graceful diffusion of light; but the centres of the soul-searching, grand, and terrible, have lost their mighty influences, and the weakened effects are derived only from the circles around them.

Still, in a case like the present, we must hold it as proven that the poetic elements existed in the nature of the author, though never called forth by events—say unrequited love, cruel misfortune, or blasted hopes. Lord Robertson, we trust, never suffered aught of these; and so the ore of his poetry slept in its native vein. Had he been of the sensitive order and had a club foot, been greeted with a merciless review, or had his sympathies crushed by an incongruous marriage, he might have turned out a Byron, instead of a Lord of Session. We are all creatures of circumstances, and if they cannot make a poet, they can nurture, shape, and model him, to a much greater extent than is generally acknowledged. Social enjoyments and law studies are not genial nurses of the Muses: like Romulus and Remus, they thrive better and grow stouter under a wolfish foster-mother. The bay flourishes more luxuriantly on a poor barren soil than on rich and fertile ground. Ease produces easy versifiers, but, as a rule, we find that since blind Homer to the present day, privations, asperities, mortifications, yea, even hungering and despairing, have been the cradles of pathetic and lofty bards. The imagination is apt to revel in ideals the very converse of the real; and the soul's own visionary regions of brightness, and happiness, and love, and glory, to be but the refuge from the actual gloom, and wretchedness, and persecutions, and defeat, of the troubled life.

On these grounds we deem it sufficient to welcome Lord Robertson among the thoughtful and pleasing of our poetical writers, with a warm taste for the beauties

of nature, and a good feeling for the workings of humanity. So impressed in his own being, he justly observes:—

"Let it not be said that in these utilitarian days the power of poetry has ceased, or that no practical good can result from its cultivation. This may not be. Although poetry does not seek, like didactic philosophy, to unfold with rigid scrutiny the mysteries of the human soul;—nor aspire to wield the sceptre of the kingdom within, as if she were the guiding power which regulated our actions, and controlled the vast and varied energies by which thought constructs its countless creations—yet doth she alleviate the asperities of life—speed the web in the struggles of daily and duller tasks—express fresher colours, embued with the glowing fervour of the imagination, or tinged with the fleeting hues of fancy,—thus giving a softened, yet healthful, balm to the exhausting toils of harsher study.

"And there are in all aspects of society, from the rudest to the most refined, gentle and noble sympathies, which poetry alone may sustain. He must indeed be a stern and cold—nay, a false reasoner, who sees no utility in what does not profess to contain mathematical precision, philosophic speculation, or scientific development. This partial restriction would at once annihilate the fine arts. Amid such discipline the fibres of the heart would become rigid, or decay, and the machine, thus impeded, would stand still, as if the stream by which it was nourished had become frozen in the chill of an atmosphere bleaker than winter ever knew."

And again:—

"Poetry is the sun of the intellectual system. It illumines every clime—it cheers every season; and although its fruitage may be fairest and most luxuriant in that temperate zone where learning and refinement put forth their stately branches, it doth not wither amid the sirocco of contending passions, nor perish in the regions of thick-ribbed ice, the sad abode of cheerless poverty.

"Poetry is the lover's talisman—the warrior's watch-word—the hero's reward. It is the solace of the humble—the balm of hurt minds. It is the scholar's pastime. It offers to the recluse his breviary—to piety her hymn. So sacred and universal is its sway that science and statecraft welcome it to their courts; history proudly borrows its legends, and even the dreary routine of barter may not forswear its influence. It is the friend of the philosopher—the comrade of the enthusiast. The cradle and the altar, the temple and the mausoleum, are its dwelling-places. The toil-tossed city owns its presence. It peoples with its varied memories the desolation of the wilderness. It echoes among the mountains—whispers among the woods. It speaks in the tempest. It revels among the flowers, or lingers with the beams of the rainbow. It gilds the meridian sun, counts the fires of heaven, and greets the crescent moon. It is the record of the past—the day-star of the present—the prophet of futurity."

This itself is a highly poetic eulogy, which, in fact, we can hardly match in the measured lines. But we must also afford an example or two of these. The following appears, in some measure, to bear out our introductory remarks upon the author:—

"What tho' youth's bounding joys have fled from me,
Life's varied scenes engrav'd no rich impress,
Like shadows fleeting o'er a wilderness;
Tho' fancy's fairest bow's neglected be,
Fond nature still vouchsafes her melody,
And in my gushing heart tumultuous spring
(As my soul thrilleth with the murmuring)
Artesian founts of fervid poetry.—
My aspiration proud,—in faithful strain,
(Tho' rude the note that wakes my froward reed),
A minstrel's boon to waft, with glowing speed,
Tho' fairy realms. Ne'er may such rapture wane
Unto a changeful theme,—a dream-like tale,
But o'er each kindred sympathy prevail."

The following aspiration is replete with picturesque, natural imagery, and gracefully expressed:—

"Whoe'er hath caught, mid woodland witchery,
The cadence of the breeze, treasure'd the sound
Of the lone wave in symphony profound,
Hoarded the ling'ring echo ere it die,
In the deep bosom of the star-lit sky,

Or, as the dewdrops gleam at vesper time,
The slumb'ring reed, the folding flow'rets chime,
While o'er the world hush'd nature seems to sigh,
His ear hath drunk sweet music—fervidly,
(Touch'd with the burthen of the tranquil hymn,
As gusheth forth that soothing requiem,)
His heart exhales,—the heav'n-born harmony,
May oft within my soul remembrance spring,
Of hours that shrine such holy visiting!"

These are fair examples of no fewer than fifty-three Reflective Sonnets, and there are sixteen Descriptive, besides the miscellaneous poems, from the latter of which we content ourselves with selecting the annexed specimens. Among many *loves* we read:—

"The *Flowers* have love. Ere droops the latest Star,
The wanton zephyrs woo their opening leaves,
At morn they blush their bridegroom Lord to meet,
Who on their fragrant altar incense flings,
Yet will they coyly fend his gifts till eve,
Their chalice closing as his rays depart,
And through the tears which glisten on their bloom,
Their rainbow dreams mirror his blest return.

"The *Winds* have love. O'er hills and pathless woods,
To city, temple, tow'r, lone pyramid,
To shell, and reed, and stringed instrument,
Wild notes they chaunt—each leaf, each blade of grass,
With fresh'ning balm imbue—life-giving speed
Empyrean fragrance on their fearless wing,
Now proudly answer to the mountain hoar,
Now o'er the lakelet's bosom gently steal.

"The silent *Turn* hath love. To her pure breast
The mountain shadows cling. The wand'ring breeze
Faint ripple wakketh o'er the placid wave,
Whose cadence murmurs music all her own;—
Yet will the plaintive pipe these lonely shores
With melody endear—a song of spring
Among the water-lilies whisper soft,
Nor echo rude such harmony invade."

We conclude with "The Spirit of Nature:—"

"Fond child of Nature! tell me where
Thy spirit loves to rest,
On teeming earth, in ambient air,
Or ocean's changeful breast?"

"The clustered vine her couch she makes,
Or on the moonlit sea,
Far in the starry world awakes,
Or dreams of liberty.

"Now in the vale by leafy haunt
Her chequered bow may be,
Where thrilling warblers blithely chaunt
Their woodland melody.

"The pensive flowers her fragrance love,
At morn their bosoms heave,
At noon she tends them in the grove,
Their chalice shuts at eve.

"Now by enamelled meadow gay
The tranquil folds among,
Now o'er the green hills far away,
Tending the fleecy throng.

"By breathing morn, by twilight dim,
In darkness, garish day,
Her echo wafts the raptured hymn,
Or home-born roundelay.

"Within the solemn woods she hides,
Seeking some verdant screen,
Amid whose depths the old oak presides,
His labyrinth of green.

"Now on the mountain crest she broods
O'er realms of pathless snow,
Or courts less daring solitudes,
Where tranquil waters flow.

"Then with the stately river speeds,
Or glides the stream along,
Lurks by the lake, whose whisp'ring reeds
Murmur a plaintive song.

"Now sports by fount with stars begemm'd,
Of purest azure born,
Now richest tints endemm'd,
Her varied Bow adorns.

"Beneath the sparkling wave she dwells,
Wrapt in crystalline spheres,
Where music, chimed from roseate shells,
Her emerald home endears.

"By smiling shore, where eastern balm,
With gentle zephyrs hie,
She droops adown to greet the calm,
Wooded by the harmony.

"O'er fervent sunbeam, glowing cloud,
Expands her fearless wing,
Nor dreads the gale that echoes loud
A wilder welcoming.

"With flight unwearied cleaves the sky,
Amid the ether blue—
Reckless if sun or moon be nigh,
Or planet glimmer true.

"Now Morn her harbingers—now Eve—
A dew-crowned tribute bring,
She doth from fervid noon receive
A votive offering.

"Now doth the ever watchful Night
A homage calm supply,
And oft in silv'ry robe bedight,
Bring benediction.

"Hath she no music? Ask the sea:
Or ask the gushing stream,
And hark, Æolian harmony
Now lulls the forest's dream.

"The fated avalanche is hers—
The timid aspen's chime—
The mountains proud her worshippers,
In symphony sublime.

"Hath she no handmaid? Lo! the spring,
When bursts the blooming May;
Or see rich fruit the reapers bring,
In harvest holiday.

"On her rude winter waits—his ear
Amid the drift doth speed;
Glad summer welcomes her afar
O'er yonder smiling mead.

"Still doth she bind in mystic power
My heart with awe profound,
Should planet fall in troublous hour,
Or tempest fell astound.

"Here let her couch, or wander there,
That spirit findeth rest
On teeming earth, in ambient air,
Or ocean's changeful breast."

THE PURITANS IN 1685-90.

A Memorandum of the Wonderful Providences of God to a Poor Unworthy Creature, &c. &c. By John Coad. Longmans.

MR. MACAULAY, in his *History*, when noticing the fate of the rebels compromised with the Duke of Monmouth, having observed that "the best account of the sufferings of those rebels who were sentenced to transportation, is to be found in a very curious narrative written by John Coad, an honest God-fearing carpenter who joined Monmouth, was badly wounded at Philips Norton, was tried by Jeffreys, and was sent to Jamaica—the original manuscript was kindly lent to me by Mr. Phippard, to whom it belongs," the publishers have thought this marked picture of another age worthy of resuscitation; and hence the little volume before us, got up in an antique style of paper and printing. We entirely agree with the historian and his publishers that this episode merits the character given to it; and by being so perfectly individual and singular, only serves the more distinctly to illustrate the period to which it pertains, and exhibit the puritan feeling in all its intensity, and we will add, all its oddity, to our later days, whose aspects are so different. As matter of English history, the incidents related by John Coad form a remarkable contrast with the modern administration of the laws; and, as matter of sectarian religion, it seems still more extraordinary, as we view the effects upon the mind, conduct, and lives of the people.

Coad himself exemplifies the type of the "miserable Sinner," self-condemning, and a worm before his Maker; whilst the outer world gives such the title of Saints, which they do not always repudiate in their dealings with other men. Poor fellow! in the common converse of humanity he would appear to have had little to be thankful for; and yet his pious gratitude overflows in every instance. He is severely wounded, summarily tried, transported to Jamaica, and sold into slavery for ten years, whereof he did endure five, and amid all these sufferings had no comfort or consolation but in the support he gathered from reliance on the goodness and the mercy of his Creator, which would save him from his enemies, and bring him to safety and peace at last.

On the rising of Monmouth he deserted from the trainband of King James, and joined the luckless prince; fighting for whom, he tells us:—

"Marching eastward, we lay one night at Philips-Norton. Next morning our enemies, coming on us by surprise, attacked the north west entrance into the Towne, guarded only with two companies, of which I, being in one, received a shot through my left hand wrist, and also under my left breast, at which instant falling to the ground, bleeding excessively, lay under foot during the night, being cut down, but not cut off; cast down but not forsaken: for, the fight being over, was taken up alive, but almost without sense of

seeing or feeling; some means were used to stop the blood; but my wounds being judged mortal, and wondering I was not dead, the chirographers refused to dress my wounds; but the same evening, notwithstanding the great rain which fell, our camp moving eastward, I was cast on a waggon with few clothes about me; the shaking of the waggon made my wounds bleed afresh; yet my senses being something restored, despairing of life, I desired death, but could not obtain it; went on eastward to Frome. The good and gracious God still showing his power, in my weakness bearing me up, as it were by miracle of mercy, being in great measure destitute of all outward accommodations, as friends, food, raiment or Physician. Then returning westward, after 3 days lying in my blood undressed, came to Shepton Mallet. Next morning obtained the favour of being dressed: one Mr. Hardy, an apothecary in Lyme, cutting off my bloody clothes, ketched and stuck fast to my body, in searching found the bullet lodged in the loins of my back, cut it out; but the Army being still in motion, and marching westward, had no opportunity of being dressed, until I came to Middlesex, where, meeting with my Wife in the time of the 4 days Act of Pardon, being disabled as to any further service, came away intending to lay hold on the Act; but the same day was taken with a violent fever, could reach no farther than Long Sutton, where I could obtain neither Physician nor Chirographer; my condition seemed dismal and desperate, yet by the goodness and mercy of my God, and the slender means that was used by the midwife of the place, who adventured to come to me privately by night for a while, life was prolonged, the swelling and rage of my wounds something abated; an incredible deal of watery blood working still out of the wound of my back, was still under great affliction, yet through the malice of some neighbours, was deprived of the assistance of the midwife, &c.; the Duke's army being routed I had trouble upon trouble, and dangers upon dangers, for then instead of Friends to visit and sympathise, I had store of Enemies who rified, reproached and cursed me; being in the house of an Enemy, had no human defence from the violence of the inhuman Soldiers; but they that took my goods and clothes might have taken my life, but my God was my fortress and strength.

Less than his offence, he proceeds to state, —

"Was argument enough to make the Lion's Whelp Geo. Jefferies to roar against, yea, to damn me, if it lay in his power; for being arraigned and pleading Guilty, was condemned to be hanged and quartered, together with 600 and more, my name set on the dead list to be executed at Wells a few days after."

By a *rise* he is enabled to slip in among a convoy of his comrades, who have only been condemned to transportation; and the account affords a strange specimen of the hurry and confusion which prevailed in this sanguinary and disordered time. He says: —

"The sentence of death was reversed in Heaven. God's thoughts are not as man's thoughts, nor God's ways like man's ways; but, as the heavens are high above the earth, so was his thoughts of mercy towards me. Here was the lowest step in this valley of death, yet I may set up my Ebenezer and say, the Lord hath helped me, yea, was graciously present with me; even when I stood before that bloody Nero, Geo. Jefferies, I found such inward support and comfort that I could not say that I feared any evil: but when above 600 condemned men fell on their knees, and most dolorously cried for mercy, I could not bow a knee, or speak a word for mercy; but had such workings of spirit, and something did, as it were, speak within me, that if it were a thing possible to be done, I would not exchange conditions with the Judge at the Bench though I was condemned at the Bar." And "while I was at prayer with many others, in a morning came my sister that attended me, and calling hastily upon me, I went to her; and she told me there was an Officer come into the cloister to call out 200 men for Jamaica she much pressed me to endeavour to get out amongst them, she being much troubled that morning by an information that she had, that my flesh was to be hung up before my sore

at which she swooned away twice that morning: I seeing her in so sorrowful a plight, did go with her to the Officer, and privately told him the circumstances I was under, and offered him a fee to take me into his list, which he refused, but told me that when he called a man that did not answer, I might answer to his name and step in. To deny my name, I was cautious of, and stood by while many others under my circumstance went in, for I judge there was near 30 men saved by so doing. I seeing the list full went away; but such was the wonderful providence of God, there stood a poor woman of Charde, a stranger to me, who observed one of the company unwilling to be transported, came after me and pulling me to the man, he hastily shifted himself out of the string and put me in his place, and told me if I was called, his name was Jo Haker: Thus 'the Lord sent from above; he took me, he drew me out of many waters, he delivered me from my strong enemies, and from them that hated me, for they were too strong for me.' The first night we lay at Shepton Mallet, the next day going to Castellarye the Sheriff's men overtook us and seized one Mr. Shephard for execution. The next night we lay at Sherborn, where I was known by many, particularly the constable, who, being an adversary to our cause, demanded of the officer that was our convoy, whether my name was on his list: no other answer would satisfy him but he would see it, for he said I ought not to be there. Having seen the list he went away, but by the good providence of God I heard no more of him: But doubtless the same hand that shut up the mouths of the Lions from devouring Daniel, shut up his mouth and restrained him from doing me the intended hurt: though I lay in the town two nights, contrary to my expectation and beyond hope I was delivered thence, and setting forward for Weymouth was known by several on the road, notwithstanding went safe to Weymouth, where I lay one night. Next morning I went aboard the ship for Jamaica, and took my leave of my native country with much courage and cheerfulness.

"The next day being sabbath day, our ship master being ashore, the sheriff's men came aboard our ship and took one of our men, and discoursed of me also; on which our Ship-master, though a bad man, fearing he should lose his passengers, ordered to weigh anchor, and hoise sail immediately, which was done. So that by the hand of my God I was delivered 'as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers, the snare was broken and I escaped:' for the next day they came to Weymouth hunting for me, but my God had mercy on me, and delivered me from the wrath of man whose tender mercies are cruelty."

When the vessel reached Jamaica our author relates: —

"As soon as we arrived to Land one Mr. Robert Speere, a Non-Conforming Minister, acquainted himself with us, and was a great comfort to us in advising, directing, and comforting of us; he acquainted me that Mr. Christopher Hicks, a Merchant to whom we were consigned to be sold, was a very conscientious man, a good Christian; but did refuse to sell us, for this reason, because he thought us better Christians than himself. But nevertheless he made supply to our necessities, and sent to us a Physician, and some to wash our clothes and cleanse us from vermin, and the like; and after many debates by the Minister and his wife, that since it must be done by some one or other, he might be an instrument of doing us much good by getting us good places. At length he consented, and came among us, but was far from insulting over us; and howsoever he knew me, he called me unto him, and with abundance of pity and compassion, he told me he had appointed me a place to serve one Colonel Bach, which was the best place he could think of in the Island. He told me that my Master was a man that feared God, and was very good to his Servants; this was another mercy and unexpected favour in a strange land, and under my circumstance; and both this Mr. Hicks the Seller, and Mr. Wm. Hutchinson the Buyer, (for he was my Master, attorney in trust with the plantation in his absence); both told me that they intended I should be free as

soon as I could get money to discharge what was laid out on me; which was a great comfort in my present affliction; and to this end set but 12*l*. purchase money upon me, whereas I was told 30*l*. was offered for me: but to follow the law of the country, I must return with the rest of my fellow captives to the ship in which I came thither, and at the fire of a gun out of the same ship, the Market begins: but a man being appointed to give me a signet with his hand, I was ordered to depart the ship again, to prevent further inquiry about me, and offers for my service. And now being under a new Circumstance, was sent to an ordinary for some time, to recover strength, before I was sent to my service. But fresh provision made such a sudden alteration that I was sorely afflicted with the flux, insomuch that after about a month's continuance, and much means being used, my Doctor left me for a dead man, my Master sold the clothes which he had made for me, and all hope of life was past."

He recovers, however, and is passed to his destination, where he meets with some Christian sympathies, and also with considerable oppression. These circumstances, however, we leave, as little relevant to the portion of the work we have thought most interesting—viz., its illustration of the condition of England during the last years of King James, and the first of the Revolution. The great events of 1688 by no means led to the immediate release of the captive transports, who were still held in slavery; and two of them who applied to the governor at Port Royal for deliverance were whipped for their presumption, which greatly discouraged John Coad and the rest.

"And now," remarks the author, "our faith, and patience, in waiting on God in the way of his providence, and our duty, was put to a farther trial; but it was observed that very night while we were at Port Royal a blazing comet appeared, at which there was much gazing, which continued 14 nights, and then vanished, which was in November 1689.

"A warning-peace of a dreadful and desolating judgment which followed, Jan. 7, 1692, whereby 1500 persons perished at Port Royal, and almost the whole town sunk by an Earthquake; and about fifty Persons in other places, and most of the Buildings in the Island thrown down."

After much trouble, however, they are at last relieved, and a tempestuous and dangerous voyage restores Coad to his Somersetshire home, exactly on the anniversary of the day he landed in Jamaica, five years before—viz., 24th Nov. 1685, and 1690.

"So that," concludes this pious personage, "our perilous times were by the inconceivable, wonderful mercy, and good Providence of our God, by one half of what was intended by our enemies cut short.

"Dec. 4th got home, and found my Wife and 3 Sons living, but in a poor low condition."

SUMMARY.

Life of Oliver Goldsmith. By Washington Irving. Parts I. and II. (85 and 86) of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.* Murray.

We think we remember some years ago reading a biographical notice of Goldsmith from the congenial pen of Washington Irving; and we presume that this is an extension of the former paper. Be it what it may, however, in this respect, it is written in the best taste and spirit for a popular object, and the general reader who is content with the obvious outlines of a character, and is not curious either about the productions or their dates, or the physiological features of a famous individual. For the deeper study of Goldsmith, Mr. Prior's great labour of industry and research must ever remain the standard in the literature of England; whilst such works as this, even following Mr. Forster's beautifully got up and highly successful volume, will have their range with the multitude, and satisfy the majority of desires in regard to a knowledge of the

* We may notice that after six years of interesting and successful publication, this series is now announced to be completed in thirty-seven volumes; and a New Library to take its place, more elegant in typography and not inferior in literary and general attractions.—Ed. L. G.

author of the *Deserted Village*, and the *Traveller*, and the *Picar of Wakefield*. For style and manner, nothing can be more pleasing.

A Grammar, with a Selection of Dialogues, &c., in Modern Arabic. By F. Hayes, M.A. Madden.

A useful idea, and a nice convenient little book. All travellers overland to and from India will find it not only a pastime whereby to acquire what it will be well to remember under other circumstances, but a guide to enable them to interpret their own wants during a considerable portion of their journey. Even to persons at home wishing to acquire a superficial knowledge of the Arabic, it will readily furnish the instruction they seek.

Parallels between the Constitution, &c., of England and Hungary. By J. T. Smith, Esq. Wilson.

MR. SMITH, a barrister, traces a constitutional similitude between Hungary and England, warmly espouses the Hungarian cause, and accuses Austria of every sort of perfidy and violence.

Alison's History of Europe. Vol. VIII. Blackwoods. PREFACED by a luminous retrospect of the life of the Marquis of Wellesley, and of the advent of his illustrious brother in India, the author continues his stirring narrative from 1807, when the defeat of Trafalgar had annihilated Buonaparte's hopes of invasion, and thrown him upon his continental exclusion system, to the opening of the important campaign of 1809, when the victory of Eckmühl was nearly balanced by the successes of the Archduke John in Italy. Throughout this memorable period, this volume (with a portrait of Wellington) approaches in interest those which so vividly describe the dénouement of the grand drama. It is a striking part of the World-romance which Mr. Alison has so ably treated.

History of the Discovery of America. Written expressly for Children. Translated from the French of Lamé Fleury. Blackwoods.

As sometimes happens, we find in this case, that a nice, concise, and simple volume, "written for children," conveys in a very clear manner nearly all the information which grown-up persons need to have on the subject. The narrative, as might be anticipated, is full of strange adventure and touching interest.

New South Wales: its Past, Present, and Future Condition, &c. By a Twelve Years' Resident. Johnstone and Hunter.

THE author appears to have ample cognizance of every thing that pertains to this most important colony, and we rejoice to see that its rising condition and future capabilities (if rightly governed and directed) are described in auspicious language. Not a few circumstances, it is true, still need reform; but we trust, when the evils are so plainly pointed out, the remedies will soon be found. Nothing but extraordinary ignorance in the mother country could account for their having lasted so long. But the convict system, emigration, and other great questions are now better understood, and mismanagement can no longer be tolerated.

The Shakespere Almanack. Bogue.

THIS is the second annual cast on a name that will ever attract. There is an Essay on the character by J. W. Lethbridge. The daily quotations from his works prove more than all the panegyrics within the powers of language.

Pawsey's Ladies' Fashionable Repository HAS also made its usual appearance in its usual neat and useful manner.

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

Humboldt's Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and Different Climates.

(Second notice—conclusion.)

WE resume with a striking picture:—

Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primæval Forest.—"If we comprehend in one general view the wooded region which includes the whole of the interior of South America, from the grassy steppes of Venezuela (los Llanos de Caracas) to the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, or from 8° north to 19° south lati-

tude, we shall perceive that this connected forest of the tropical zone has an extent unequalled in any other portion of the earth's surface. Its area is about twelve times that of Germany. Traversed in all directions by systems of rivers, in which the minor and tributary streams sometimes exceed our Rhine or our Danube in the abundance of their waters, it owes the wonderful luxuriance of the growth of its trees to the combined influence of great moisture and high temperature. In the temperate zone, and especially in Europe and Northern Asia, forests may be named from particular genera or species, which, growing together as social plants (*plantæ sociales*), form separate and distinct woods. In the northern forests of Oaks, Pines, and Birches, and in the eastern forests of Limes or Linden trees, usually only one species of Amentaceæ, Conifera, or Tiliaceæ, prevails or is predominant; sometimes a single species of Needle-trees is intermingled with the foliage of trees of other classes. Tropical forests, on the other hand, decked with thousands of flowers, are strangers to such uniformity of association; the exceeding variety of their flora renders it vain to ask of what trees the primæval forest consists. A countless number of families are here crowded together, and even in small spaces individuals of the same species are rarely associated. Each day, and at each change of place, new forms present themselves to the traveller, who, however, often finds that he cannot reach the blossoms of trees whose leaves and ramifications had previously arrested his attention.

"The rivers, with their countless lateral arms, afford the only routes by which the country can be traversed. Between the Orinoco, the Cassiquiare, and the Rio Negro, astronomical observations, and where these were wanting, determinations by compass of the direction of the rivers, respectively shewed us that two lonely mission villages might be only a few miles apart, and yet that the monks when they wished to visit each other could only do so by spending a day and a half in following the windings of small streams, in canoes hollowed out of the trunks of trees. A striking evidence of the impenetrability of particular parts of the forest is afforded by a trait related by an Indian of the habits of the large American tiger, or panther-like jaguar. While in the Llanos of Varinas and the Meta, and in the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, the introduction of European cattle, horses, and mules has enabled the beasts of prey to find an abundant subsistence,—so that since the first discovery of America their numbers have increased exceedingly in those extended and treeless grassy steppes,—their congeners in the dense forests around the sources of the Orinoco lead a very different and far less easy life. In a bivouac near the junction of the Cassiquiare with the Orinoco we had had the misfortune of losing a large dog, to which we were much attached, as the most faithful and affectionate companion of our wanderings. Being still uncertain whether he had been actually killed by the tigers, a faint hope of recovering him induced us, in returning from the mission of Esmeralda through the swarms of musquitoes by which it is infested, to spend another night at the spot where we had so long sought him in vain. We heard the cries of the jaguar, probably the very individual which we suspected of the deed, extremely near to us; and as the clouded sky made astronomical observations impossible, we passed part of the night in making our interpreter (*lenguaraz*) repeat to us the accounts given by our native boat's crew of the tigers of the country.

"The 'black jaguar' was, they (the boat's crew) said, not unfrequently found there; it is the largest and most bloodthirsty variety, with black spots scarcely distinguishable on its deep dark-brown skin. It lives at the foot of the mountains of Maragüaca and Urituran. One of the Indians of the Durimund tribe then related to us that jaguars are often led, by their love of wandering and by their rapacity, to lose themselves in such impenetrable parts of the forest that they can no longer hunt along the ground, and live instead in the trees, where they are the terror of the families of monkeys and of the prehensile-tailed viverra, the *Cercopithecus*. I borrow these notices from

journals written at the time in German, and which were not entirely exhausted in the Narrative of my Travels, which I published in the French language. They contain a detailed description of the nocturnal life, or perhaps I might rather say the nocturnal voices, of the wild animals in the forests of the torrid zone; which appears to me particularly suited to form part of a work bearing the title of the present volumes. That which is written down on the spot, either in the immediate presence of the phenomena, or soon after the reception of the impressions which they produce, may at least lay claim to more life and freshness than can be expected in recollections.

"Descending from West to East the Rio Apure, the overflows of whose waters and the inundations produced by them were noticed in the chapter on Steppes and Deserts, we arrived at its junction with the Orinoco. It was the season of low water, and the average breadth of the Apure was only a little more than twelve hundred English feet, yet I found the Orinoco at the confluence of the two rivers, not far from the granite rock of Curiquima, where I was able to measure a base line, still upwards of 11,430 French (12,180 English) feet wide. Yet this point, i. e., the Rock of Curiquima, is four hundred geographical miles in a straight line from the sea and from the Delta of the Orinoco. Part of the plains watered by the Apure and the Pagara are inhabited by tribes of the Yarusos and Achaguas, who, as they persist in maintaining their independence, are called savages in the mission villages established by the monks: their manners, however, are scarcely more rude than those of the Indians of the villages,—who, although baptized and living 'under the bell' (*bajo la campana*), are still almost entirely untaught and uninstructed.

"On leaving the Island del Diamante, in which Zambos who speak Spanish cultivate sugar-canes, we entered on scenes of nature characterized by wildness and grandeur. The air was filled with countless flocks of flamingoes (*Phœnicopterus*) and other water birds, which appeared against the blue sky like a dark cloud with continually varying outlines. The river had here narrowed to between 900 and 1000 feet, and flowing in a perfectly straight line formed a kind of canal enclosed on either side by dense wood. The margin of the forest presents at this part a singular appearance. In front of the almost impenetrable wall of giant trunks of *Cæsalpinia*, *Cedrela*, and *Desmanthus*, there rises from the sandy river beach, with the greatest regularity, a low hedge of *Sauco*, only four feet high, consisting of a small shrub, *Hermesia castaneifolia*, which forms a new genus of the family of Euphorbiaceæ. Some slender thorny palms, called by the Spaniards *Piritu* and *Coroso* (perhaps species of *Martinezia* and *Bactris*), stand next; and the whole resembles a close, well-pruned garden hedge, having only occasional openings at considerable distances from each other, which have doubtless been made by the larger four-footed beasts of the forest to gain easy access to the river. One sees, more especially in the early morning and at sunset, the American tiger or jaguar, the tapir, and the peccary, lead their young through these openings to the river to drink. When startled by the passing canoe, they do not attempt to regain the forest by breaking forcibly through the hedge which has been described, but one has the pleasure of seeing these wild animals stalk leisurely along between the river and the hedge for four or five hundred paces, until they have reached the nearest opening, when they disappear through it. In the course of an almost uninterrupted river navigation of 1520 geographical miles on the Orinoco to near its sources, on the Cassiquiare, and on the Rio Negro,—and during which we were confined for seventy-four days to a small canoe,—we enjoyed the repetition of the same spectacle at several different points, and I may add, always with new delight. There came down together, to drink, to bathe, or to fish, groups consisting of the most different classes of animals, the larger mammalia, being associated with many coloured herons, palamedæans, and proudly-stepping curassow and cashew birds (*Crax Alektor* and *C. Pauxi*). 'Es como en el Paraíso;' it is here as in Paradise, said,

with a pious air, our steersman, an old Indian who had been brought up in the house of an ecclesiastic. The peace of the golden age was, however, far from prevailing among the animals of this American paradise, which carefully watched and avoided each other. The Capybara, a Cavy three or four feet long, (a magnified repetition of the Brazilian Cavy, *Cavia agui*), is devoured in the river by the crocodiles, and on shore by the tiger. It runs so indifferently that we were several times able to catch individuals from among the numerous herds which presented themselves.

"Below the mission of Santa Barbara de Arichuna we passed the night as usual, under the open sky, on a sandy flat on the bank of the Rio Apure closely bordered by the impenetrable forest. It was not without difficulty that we succeeded in finding dry wood to kindle the fire with which it is always customary in that country to surround a bivouac, in order to guard against the attacks of the jaguar. The night was humid, mild, and moonlight. Several crocodiles approached the shore; I think I have observed these animals to be attracted by fire, like our cray-fish and many other inhabitants of the water. The oars of our boat were placed upright and carefully driven into the ground, to form poles from which our hammocks could be suspended. Deep stillness prevailed; only from time to time we heard the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins which are peculiar to the Orinoco net-work of rivers (and, according to Colebrooke, to the Ganges as far as Benares), which followed each other in long lines.

"Soon after eleven o'clock such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest, that for the remainder of the night all sleep was impossible. The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognise those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the alouates (the howling monkeys); the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of the small sapajous; the snorting grumbings of the striped nocturnal monkey (the *Nyctipithecus trivirgatus*, which I was the first to describe); the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cougar or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, of paraguas, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was in such case always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys, who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit.

"If one asks the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance arises on particular nights, they answer, with a smile, that 'the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon.' To me it appeared that the scene had probably originated in some accidental combat, and that hence the disturbance had spread to other animals, and thus the noise had increased more and more. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these, pressing against each other in their flight, break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, being frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; this arouses the tribes of birds, who build their nests in communities, and thus the whole animal world becomes in a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is by no means always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which disturbs the repose of the woods; we witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when, with loud peals of thunder, the flashing lightning illuminated the deep recesses of the forest. The good-natured Franciscan monk, who, although he had been suffering for several months from fever, accompanied us through the Cataracts of Atures and Maypures to San Carlos on the Rio Negro, and to the Brazilian boundary, used to say, when

fearful on the closing in of night that there might be a thunder-storm, 'May Heaven grant a quiet night both to us and to the wild beasts of the forest!'

The Condor.—"The accounts of the habits of the Condor in the mountainous districts of Quito and Peru, given by me in a monograph on this powerful bird, have been confirmed by a later traveller, Gay, who has explored the whole of Chili, and has described that country in an excellent work entitled *Historia fisica y politica de Chile*. The Condor, which, like the Lamas, Vicunas, Alpacas, and Guanacos, does not extend beyond the equator into New Granada, is found as far south as the Straits of Magellan. In Chili, as in the mountain plains of Quito, the Condors, which at other times live either solitarily or in pairs, assemble in flocks to attack lambs and calves, or to carry off young Guanacos (Guacacillos). The ravages annually committed among the herds of sheep, goats, and cattle, as well as among the wild Vicunas, Alpacas, and Guanacos of the Andes, are very considerable. The inhabitants of Chili assert that, in captivity, the Condor can support forty days' hunger; when free, his voracity is excessive, and, culture-like, is directed by preference to dead flesh."

We add a sample of miscellaneous matters:—*Hybernating.*—"We find an annual enfeeblement of certain vital functions in many and very different classes of animals, and, what is particularly striking, without the same phenomena being presented by other living creatures nearly allied to them, and belonging to the same family. The northern glutton (*Gulo*), though allied to the badger (*Meles*), does not like him sleep during the winter; whereas, according to Cuvier's remark, 'a *Myoxus* (dormouse) of Senegal (*Myoxus coupei*), which could never have known winter-sleep in his tropical home, being brought to Europe fell asleep the first year on the setting in of winter.' This torpidity or enfeeblement of the vital functions and vital activity passes through several gradations, according as it extends to the processes of nutrition, respiration, and muscular motion, or to depression of the activity of the brain and nervous system. The winter-sleep of the solitary bears and of the badger is not accompanied by any rigidity, and hence the re-awakening of these animals is so easy, and, as was often related to me in Siberia, so dangerous to the hunters and country people. The first recognition of the gradation and connection of these phenomena leads us up to what has been called the "vita minima" of the microscopic organisms, which, occasionally with green ovaries and undergoing the process of spontaneous division, fall from the clouds in the Atlantic sand-rain. The apparent revivification of rotifers, as well as of the siliceous-shelled infusoria, is only the renewal of long-enfeebled vital functions,—a state of vitality which was never entirely extinct, and which is fanned into a fresh flame, or excited anew, by the appropriate stimulus. Physiological phenomena can only be comprehended by being traced throughout the entire series of analogous modifications."

Heaths.—"In these physiognomic considerations we by no means comprise under the name of Heaths the whole of the natural family of Ericaceæ, which on account of the similarity and analogy of the floral parts includes *Rhododendron*, *Befaria*, *Gaultheria*, *Escallonia*, &c. We confine ourselves to the highly accordant and characteristic form of the species of *Erica*, including *Calluna* (*Erica*) *Vulgaris*, L., the common heather.

"While, in Europe, *Erica carnea*, E. *tetralix*, E. *cineræa*, and *Calluna vulgaris*, cover large tracts of ground from the plains of Germany, France, and England to the extremity of Norway, South Africa offers the most varied assemblage of species. Only one species which is indigenous in the southern hemisphere at the Cape of Good Hope, *Erica umbellata*, is found in the northern hemisphere, i. e. in the North of Africa, in Spain, and Portugal. *Erica vagans* and *E. arborea* also belong to the two opposite coasts of the Mediterranean; the first is found in North Africa, near Marseilles, in Sicily, Dalmatia, and even in England; the second in Spain, Italy,

Istria, and in the Canaries. The common heather, *Calluna vulgaris*, is a social plant covering large tracts from the mouth of the Scheldt to the western declivity of the Ural. Beyond the Ural, oaks and heaths cease together: both are entirely wanting in the whole of Northern Asia, and throughout Siberia to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. Gmelin and Pallas have expressed their astonishment at this disappearance of the *Calluna vulgaris*,—a disappearance which, on the eastern declivity of the Ural Mountains, is even more sudden and decided than might be inferred from the expressions of the last-named great naturalist. Pallas says merely: 'ultra Uralense jugum sensim deficit, vix in *Isotensibus* campis rarissime apparet, et ulteriori Sibirie plane deest.' Chamisso, Adolph Erman, and Heinrich Kittlitz, have found *Andromeda* indeed in Kamtschatka, and on the North West coast of America, but no *Calluna*. The accurate knowledge which we now possess of the mean temperature of several parts of Northern Asia, as well as of the distribution of the annual temperature into the different seasons of the year, affords no sort of explanation of the cessation of heather to the east of the Ural Mountains. Joseph Hooker, in a note to his *Flora Antarctica*, has treated and contrasted with great sagacity and clearness two very different phenomena which the distribution of plants presents to us: on the one hand, 'uniformity of surface accompanied by a similarity of vegetation'; and on the other hand, 'instances of a sudden change in the vegetation unaccompanied by any diversity of geological or other features.' Is there any species of *Erica* in Central Asia? The plant spoken of by Saunders in Turner's *Travels to Tibet*, as having been found in the Highlands of Nepal (together with other European plants, *Vaccinium myrtillus*, and *V. oxycoccus*) and described by him as *Erica vulgaris*, is believed by Robert Brown to have been an *Andromeda*, probably *Andromeda fastigiata* of Wallich. No less striking is the absence of *Calluna vulgaris*, and of all the species of *Erica* throughout all parts of the Continent of America, while the *Calluna* is found in the Azores and in Iceland. It has not hitherto been seen in Greenland, but was discovered a few years ago in Newfoundland. The natural family of the *Ericaceæ* is also almost entirely wanting in Australia, where it is replaced by *Epacridæ*. Linnaeus described only 102 species of the genus *Erica*; according to Klotzsch's examination, this genus really contains, after a careful exclusion of all mere varieties, 440 true species."

Cactuses.—"When one has been accustomed to see Cactuses only in our hothouses, one is astonished at the degree of density and hardness which the ligneous fibres attain in old cactus stems. The Indians know that cactus wood is incorruptible, and excellent for oars and for the thresholds of doors. There is hardly anything in vegetable physiognomy which makes so singular and ineffaceable an impression on a newly arrived person, as the sight of an arid plain thickly covered, like those near Cumana, New Barcelona, and Coro, and in the province of Jaen de Braconeros, with columnar and candelabra-like divided cactus stems."

NEW NOVEL.

Currer Bell's Shirley: a Tale.

(Second notice.—Conclusion.)

SOME literary discussions are interspersed; and we offer an example. The interlocutors are Robert Moore and Caroline Helstone, who absent themselves from a Bible meeting:—

"The evening was still and warm; close and sultry it even promised to become. Round the descending sun the clouds glowed purple: summer tints, rather Indian than English, suffused the horizon, and cast rosy reflections on hill-side, house-front, tree-bolt; on winding road, and undulating pasture-ground. The two girls came down from the fields slowly: by the time they reached the churchyard the bells were hushed; the multitudes were gathered into the church: the whole scene was solitary.

"How pleasant and calm it is!" said Caroline.

"And how hot it will be in the church!" responded Shirley; "and what a dreary long speech Dr. Boulby will make! and how the Curates will hammer over their prepared orations! For my part, I would rather not enter."

"But my uncle will be angry, if he observes our absence."

"I will bear the brunt of his wrath: he will not devour me. I shall be sorry to miss his pungent speech. I know it will be all sense for the Church, and all causticity for Schism: he'll not forget the battle of Royd-lane. I shall be sorry also to deprive you of Mr. Hall's sincere friendly homily, with all its racy Yorkshireisms; but here I must stay. The gray church and grayer tombs look divine with this crimson gleam on them. Nature is now at her evening prayers: she is kneeling before those red hills. I see her prostrate on the great steps of her altar, praying for a fair night for mariners at sea, for travellers in deserts, for lambs on moors, and unfledged birds in woods. Caroline, I see her! and I will tell you what she is like: she is like what Eve was when she and Adam stood alone on earth."

"And that is not Milton's Eve, Shirley?"

"Milton's Eve! Milton's Eve! I repeat. No, by the pure Mother of God, she is not! Cary, we are alone: we may speak what we think. Milton was great; but was he good? His brain was right; how was his heart? He saw Heaven: he looked down on Hell. He saw Satan, and Sin his daughter, and Death their horrible offspring. Angels hurried before him their battalions: the long lines of adamantine shields flashed back on his blind eyeballs the unutterable splendour of heaven. Devils gathered their legions in his sight: their dim, disordered, and tarnished armies passed rank and file before him. Milton tried to see the first woman; but, Cary, he saw her not."

"You are bold to say so, Shirley."

"Not more bold than faithful. It was his cook that he saw; or it was Mrs. Gill, as I have seen her, making custards, in the heat of summer, in the cool dairy, with rose-trees and nasturtiums about the latticed window, preparing a cold collation for the Rectors,—preserves, and 'dulcet creams'—puzzled 'what choice to choose for delicacy best; what order so contrived as not to mix tastes, not well-joined, inelegant; but bring taste after taste, upheld with kindest change."

"All very well too, Shirley."

"I would beg to remind him that the first men of the earth were Titans, and that Eve was their mother: from her sprang Saturn, Hyperion, Oceanus; she bore Prometheus—"

"Pagan that you are! what does that signify?"

"I say, there were giants on the earth in those days: giants that strove to scale heaven. The first woman's breast that heaved with life on this world yielded the daring which could contend with Omnipotence: the strength which could bear a thousand years of bondage,—the vitality which could feed that vulture death through uncounted ages,—the unexhausted life and uncorrupted excellence, sisters to immortality, which, after millenniums of crimes, struggles, and woes, could conceive and bring forth a Messiah. The first woman was heaven-born: vast was the heart whence gushed the well-spring of the blood of nations; and grand the undegenerate head where rested the consort-crown of creation."

"She coveted an apple, and was cheated by a snake: but you have got such a hash of Scripture and mythology into your head that there is no making any sense of you. You have not yet told me what you saw kneeling on those hills."

"I saw—I now see—a woman-Titan: her robe of blue air spreads to the outskirts of the heath, where yonder flock is grazing; a veil white as an avalanche sweeps from her head to her feet, and arabesques of lightning flame on its borders. Under her breast I see her zone, purple like that horizon: through its bluish shines the star of evening. Her steady eyes I cannot picture; they are clear—they are deep as lakes—they are lifted and full of worship—they tremble with the softness of love and the

lustre of prayer. Her forehead has the expanse of a cloud, and is paler than the early moon, risen long before dark gathers: she reclines her bosom on the ridge of Silbro' Moor; her mighty hands are joined beneath it. So kneeling, face to face she speaks with God. That Eve is Jehovah's daughter, as Adam was his son."

"She is very vague and visionary! Come, Shirley, we ought to go into church."

"Caroline, I will not: I will stay out here with my mother Eve, in these days called Nature. I love her—undying, mighty being! Heaven may have faded from her brow when she fell in paradise; but all that is glorious on earth shines there still. She is taking me to her bosom, and showing me her heart. Hush, Caroline! you will see her and feel as I do, if we are both silent."

"I will humour your whim; but you will begin talking again, ere ten minutes are over."

There is rather a well-conceived and whimsical bit, where Caroline, ignorant of Shirley's secret love for Louis, tries to propitiate her favourably for him, and with it we conclude:—

"Shirley," said Caroline, one day, as they two were sitting alone in the summer-house, "did you know that my cousin Louis was tutor in your uncle's family before the Symposium came down here?"

"Shirley's reply was not so prompt as her responses usually were, but at last she answered,—

"Yes,—of course: I knew it well."

"I thought you must have been aware of the circumstance."

"Well! what then?"

"It puzzles me to guess how it chanced that you never mentioned it to me."

"Why should it puzzle you?"

"It seems odd. I cannot account for it. You talk a great deal,—you talk freely. How was that circumstance never touched on?"

"Because it never was," and Shirley laughed.

"You are a singular being!" observed her friend: "I thought I knew you quite well: I begin to find myself mistaken. You were silent as the grave about Mrs. Pryor; and now, again, here is another secret. But why you made it a secret is the mystery to me."

"I never made it a secret: I had no reason for so doing. If you had asked me who Henry's tutor was, I would have told you: besides, I thought you knew."

"I am puzzled about more things than one in this matter: you don't like poor Louis,—why? Are you impatient at what you perhaps consider his servile position? Do you wish that Robert's brother were more highly placed?"

"Robert's brother, indeed!" was the exclamation, uttered in a tone like the accents of scorn; and, with a movement of proud impatience, Shirley snatched a rose from a branch peeping through the open lattice.

"Yes," repeated Caroline, with mild firmness; "Robert's brother. He is thus closely related to Gerard Moore of the Hollow, though nature has not given him features so handsome, or an air so noble as his kinsman; but his blood is as good, and he is as much a gentleman, were he free."

"Wise, humble, pious Caroline!" exclaimed Shirley, ironically. "Men and angels, hear her! We should not despise plain features, nor a laborious yet honest occupation, should we? Look at the subject of your panegyric,—he is there in the garden," she continued, pointing through an aperture in the clustering creepers; and by that aperture Louis Moore was visible, coming slowly down the walk."

"He is not ugly, Shirley," pleaded Caroline; "he is not ignoble; he is sad: silence seals his mind; but I believe him to be intelligent; and be certain, if he had not something very commendable in his disposition, Mr. Hall would never seek his society as he does."

"Shirley laughed: she laughed again; each time with a slightly sarcastic sound. 'Well, well,' was her comment. 'On the plea of the man being

Cyril Hall's friend, and Robert Moore's brother, we'll just tolerate his existence—won't we, Cary? You believe him to be intelligent, do you? Not quite an idiot—eh? something commendable in his disposition! id est, not an absolute ruffian. Good! Your representations have weight with me; and to prove that they have, should he come this way, I will speak to him."

"He approached the summer house: unconscious that it was tenanted, he sat down on the step. Tartar, now his customary companion, had followed him, and he couched across his feet."

"Old boy!" said Louis, pulling his tawny ear, or rather the mutilated remains of that organ, torn and chewed in a hundred battles, "the autumn sun shines as pleasantly on us as on the fairest and richest. This garden is none of ours, but we enjoy its greenness and perfume, don't we?"

"He sat silent, still caressing Tartar, who slobbered with exceeding affection. A faint twittering commenced among the trees round: something fluttered down as light as leaves: they were little birds, which lighting on the sward at shy distance, hopped as if expectant."

"The small brown elves actually remember that I fed them the other day," again soliloquised Louis. "They want some more biscuit: to-day, I forgot to save a fragment. Eager little sprites, I have not a crumb for you."

"He put his hand in his pocket and drew it out empty."

"A want easily supplied," whispered the listening Miss Keeldar.

"She took from her reticule a morsel of sweet-cake: for that repository was never destitute of something available to throw to the chickens, young ducks, or sparrows; she crumbled it, and, bending over his shoulder, put the crumbs into his hand."

"There," said she; "there is a Providence for the improvident."

"This September afternoon is pleasant," observed Louis Moore, as—not at all discomposed—he calmly cast the crumbs on to the grass."

"Even for you?"

"As pleasant for me as for any monarch."

"You take a sort of harsh, solitary triumph in drawing pleasure out of the elements, and the inanimate and lower animate creation."

"Solitary, but not harsh. With animals I feel I am Adam's son: the heir of him to whom dominion was given 'every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' Your dog likes and follows me; when I go into that yard, the pigeons from your dovecot flutter at my feet; your mare in the stable knows me as well as it knows you, and obeys me better."

"And my roses smell sweet to you, and my trees give you shade."

"And," continued Louis, "no caprice can withdraw these pleasures from me: they are mine."

"He walked off: Tartar followed him, as if in duty and affection bound, and Shirley remained standing on the summer-house step. Caroline saw her face as she looked after the rude tutor: it was pale, as if her pride bled inwardly."

"You see," remarked Caroline apologetically, "his feelings are so often hurt, it makes him morose."

"You see," retorted Shirley, with ire, "he is a topic on which you and I shall quarrel if we discuss it often; so drop it henceforth and for ever."

"I suppose he has more than once behaved in this way," thought Caroline to herself; "and that renders Shirley so distant to him: yet I wonder she cannot make allowance for character and circumstances: I wonder the general modesty, manliness, sincerity of his nature, do not plead with her in his behalf. She is not often so inconsiderate—so irritable."

We repeat that there is much ability displayed in this work, and that, especially after the first volume, the reader must be apathetic indeed who does not continue, with mind fully occupied, to the close.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

RETURN OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Sir James C. Ross.

[From the deep interest we feel on this subject, and, consequently, a retentive memory of the circumstances gathered in conversation, with the aid of the leading dates, we think the *Literary Gazette* authorized to state that the following is a correct outline of the whole proceedings, and of every important point connected with them.—Ed. L. G.]

The last news of Sir James Ross' expedition which we gave in the *Gazette*, stated that it was about to sail from Upernivik, about the 13th of July, on which day it did proceed. By steering a judicious course, Sir James succeeded in getting beyond those parts where the whalers had been so long stopped, and got well to the northward, where the vessels made fast to an iceberg which was aground off Cape Shackleton.

Here it was ascertained, from some of the whalers, that there was no opening to the westward through the pack. Every effort to get on to the north was made, but the difficulties were so great that it was near the end of August before they got to Pond's Bay, where it was expected to meet the Esquimaux; but there were no signs of them. The coast was, however, examined closely to Possession Bay, where no trace of the lost Franklin was found, but only the paper left by Parry thirty years ago, in 1819! It was still legible! The most anxious and expectant exploration was continued, and by the 1st of September (off Cape York), a party, under Lieutenant McClintock, was sent ashore to erect beacon-marks and leave papers at this conspicuous promontory. Every day similar measures were taken, by heaving casks overboard, with papers giving information and directions, in case they should be picked up, and the firing of guns and blue-lights and rockets was perpetually continued in fogs and dark weather. The ice opposed great obstacles to the navigation, and made it all but impossible to force a passage to the rendezvous. One solid pack was fourteen miles in breadth. Every chance, during stormy weather, too, of an opening through these masses was tried, but Barrow Straits was completely blocked.

The thermometer had fallen to 15° during the nights, and the new ice began to form; when at last their exertions were so far crowned with success, that Port Leopold was attained by the 11th of September, which by the 12th would have been impracticable, for the harbour was then sealed up by the frost. Provisions were landed and a depot formed with much labour, and even the vessels were placed in jeopardy by the wind driving them against the ice. They had therefore to be cared for and secured; and it was not till the 12th of October that they were both placed in their position for the winter, not 200 yards apart. They were, as we have mentioned, blockaded in the harbour, and as far as they could see from the hills, all on the outside, had they been able to break through, was equally unfavourable to progress, except, perhaps, to get through and return home.

The spot where they were shut up, however, was fortunately favourable to the ulterior objects—as may be seen on Mr. Wyld's recent map—being close upon Lancaster Sound, Barrow Straits, Prince Regent's Inlet, and Wellington Channel. Thus, supposing (as was always supposed) that Franklin had been obliged to abandon the *Erebus* and *Terror*, he must proceed somewhere near this central point, and discover indications of the succour at hand.

Owing to the excellent provisioning and fitting out of the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, the expedition enjoyed more of comforts than on any former occasion, yet the crew suffered more in health. [One ingenious device may be mentioned. They caught a great number of foxes, and as it is known that these animals traverse a large portion of country, Sir James Ross put a clinched brass collar upon nearly a hundred of them, stating where Sir John Franklin might find the ships and provisions, should he chance to catch a collared fox. This was the opposite of Samson's expedient, and may have conveyed the intelligence?] They were possibly damped in spirits; but at any rate the cold weather reached farther than usual into the Arctic spring, when they

could relieve themselves from inactivity, always so distasteful to the sailor.

It was accordingly the middle of May, after several short excursions, before Sir James Ross could set out to explore the farther country, with a sufficient party and supply of stores, &c. During this excursion, which lasted forty days, every creek and indentation of the coast was most carefully examined, and after a most fatiguing and toilsome service, they returned to the ships, in a sadly harassed and distressed condition, augmented no doubt by their having failed to discover a single trace of those whom they so anxiously sought. They traversed altogether above 500 miles, and it is satisfactory to know that this line of country, hitherto totally unknown, was so thoroughly explored to within 150 miles of the Magnetic Pole,* and covering the tract where it was considered most probable that Sir John Franklin's party had been detained.

Other parties were dispatched in various directions, and the position of the wreck of the *Fury* was visited, and the house, provisions, and stores left there, (and still remaining,) found untouched. It follows, from this statement, every part of these shores having been explored, without finding the smallest trace of Franklin's having been there, that he must, during his first season, have pushed so far to the westward as to render it more advisable to make for the coast of America, than to retrace his steps in search of help from the whalers. In order that nothing might be left undone, Sir James Ross caused a house to be built on Whaler Point, and deposited there twelve months' provisions, stores, fuel, &c.; also one of the steam launches enlarged, so as to render her capable of conveying the whole of the party down to the whalers, should such an opportunity occur.

We have now brought our narrative down to about the end of June, when all that human exertion could accomplish for the present had been done. But the summer advanced so slowly that it was very doubtful whether the ice would break up during the season and the vessels be extricated. By great efforts, and cutting a canal two miles in length, they ultimately succeeded in getting out on the 28th day of August;† a period when it was scarcely to be hoped that any effectual service could be achieved. Nevertheless, the vessels directed their course to the westward, with the view to the examination of Wellington Channel and Melville Island. But, alas! within three or four days after, they were involved in a pack of ice, and the winter setting in with an extraordinary severity, the thermometer near zero, they were again completely frozen in in an extensive body of ice, which occupied the whole of Barrow Straits. They were unable to move an inch, and became part of the frozen element, drifting within and along with it slowly to the eastward, thus defeating their design of proceeding farther to the westward. They had, moreover, the painful prospect of being held in this unfortunate position throughout the winter; but after nearly a month's detention at the mercy of the ice, during which they were carried above 200 miles, until abreast of Pond's Bay, the mass was suddenly rent into pieces, and the ships providentially, we may say almost miraculously, rescued from their perilous situation. Otherwise, the probability is, that they would have been carried down the west coast of Baffin's Bay, and dashed to pieces among the multitude of icebergs grounded on the shallows.

After this it is almost needless now to add, that with their unlooked-for release, when it was impossible to make any attempt at farther research, it was the duty of the commander to return to England with his weakened and exhausted companions. The assistant-surgeon of the *Enterprise*, Mr. Mathias, and six seamen, had fallen victims to the severity of their toils and the climate; and there were many in both

* Thus leaving little more than 150 miles of that coast still unknown, which no doubt would have been accomplished, had not the party been encumbered by the carriage of several invalids whom the sufferings had broken down.

† Having been in winter quarters and frozen in a whole year, all but thirteen days; and but for the canal (now first resorted to) they might have spent another twelvemonth there.

ships not yet restored to health, although in a fair way of recovery. After a favourable run homeward, Sir James Ross landed at Scarborough last Saturday night, and the ships were expected to arrive at Woolwich yesterday.

To this narrative* we may add a few supplementary gleanings, and a few remarks suggested by them, both as regards the past and the future. From letters written by several of the officers, which have appeared in the newspapers, it may have been seen that, under the most trying circumstances, perfect cordiality subsisted not only between Sir James Ross and his gallant second in command, Captain Bird, but that the utmost good feeling and harmony reigned throughout the entire voyage among the officers, and that they were emulated by the crews in that friendly disposition, and in the joint perseverance which their difficulties and hardships required. In this grand essential Sir James Ross has never failed to succeed; and it is a glorious feather in the cap of a naval captain, and especially where there is so much to be endured. And that much indeed was endured in this instance may be gathered from what we have heard, —that six weeks ago, every man looked at his fellow, without uttering a fear, but in the almost certain belief that not one of them would ever see their native home again. But they were embarked in the cause of humanity, and a good God preserved them when hope was nearly extinct.

Some of the crew, we fear, are still in a precarious state; though their commander (reported in the journals to be looking very ill) is, we rejoice to say, already recovering from the marks of fatigue and anxiety which so long attended him.

Upon reviewing what was done—and it is impossible to look at it without admiration of the daring and constancy of our noble countrymen who devoted themselves to the task—we must come to the conclusion that everything possible to be accomplished on the Eastern side has been accomplished, and that nothing can be hoped of Sir John Franklin and his brave associates in that direction. But from what is related in the foregoing account, we will not despair of their having been taken to the Westward, and that Mr. Rae, on the North American coast, or the *Plover* in Behring's Straits, may yet fall in with the lost wanderers, and send us tidings of their being saved. And we are sure we may trust to the Government and Admiralty, who have caused so much to be attempted, that they will not forget the duty that remains, of energetically dispatching vessels to the Pacific side, to aid the chance of salvation in that quarter.

From the appalling danger out of which the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were redeemed, we must own that our dread of calamity to the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* is much augmented; but we will still hope that they may be restored to their country, and the exemplary conduct of Lady Franklin meet its reward in this world of human trials and disappointments.

The *Morning Herald*, of yesterday, contains the particulars of the other expeditions, together with a short notice of that of which we have now laid before our readers the original details. From this we learn that Mr. Kerr, captain of the whaler, *Chieftain*, had arrived, and was proceeding to the Admiralty with his account of the Esquimaux intelligence. Upon this subject, which so excited our expectations, and has so cruelly deluded them, all we shall now observe is, that we do not consider the report to be deserving of the least reliance.

Captain Kerr, it seems, as stated in the *Herald*, when examined by the Lords of the Admiralty, brought to light a discrepancy between his statement and that of Captain Parker of the *True Love*, inasmuch as the Esquimaux had not told Captain Kerr that they had been on board the ships; nor in the Esquimaux sketch was there any track from ship to ship, both of which were mere inferences, the one from the Esquimaux having said they were all well, the other from there being a line on the sketch, which might be

* Produced in haste; we may apologize for its being roughly written, though the facts, we trust, are clearly stated.—Ed.

meant for the bowsprit of one of the ships, or any other long article. It is yet (adds this Guess) most probable that the Esquimaux saw Franklin's ships go to the westward and Ross's ships pass in; and indeed the distinction made by the Esquimaux with respect to the periods of time at which these occurrences took place, would warrant us in believing that this was all the Esquimaux wished to communicate. Heaven send it may be so, but we are now as doubtful as we were sanguine before.*

Sir John Richardson has also arrived at the Admiralty, and the well-advised informant of the *Herald* says—"We may remark, by the way, that this distinguished gentleman, although so recently engaged in an enterprise of great peril and privation, looks as well as if he had been merely on a summer's cruise. We have already stated that, in 1848, he had proceeded from Mackenzie, eastward, to the Coppermine, forming depôts of provisions at different parts of the coast. He describes an open sea to the north, all the way so far as vision extended, until his arrival at the Dolphin and Union Straits, which were blocked with ice. His companion, Dr. Rae, was to proceed with a party of select men down the Coppermine, in this manner to penetrate as far north as he could, and endeavour to advance between Wollaston and Victoria Islands, where Sir J. Richardson thinks there is an opening, as the tide sets eastward and westward through Dease's Straits and the Dolphin Straits. This route will intersect the course which Franklin would most probably steer from Cape Walker, the shortest distance to which point is 400 miles. Our latest news from the third expedition was down to the time her Majesty's ship *Herald*, Captain Kellett, sailed from Oahu on the morning of 19th May last, loaded with provisions of all kinds from a hired transport sent from Valparaiso.

From the *Plover* nothing has been heard since her departure from Honolulu, August 25, 1848, but Captain Kellett would, doubtless, very soon fall in with her and give her all the requisite supplies. These ships were then to push as far north as they could to see for themselves, or to pick up information from others, and to deposit depôts of provisions."

From American whalers, stimulated by the offered rewards, we confess we expect little in this quarter.

So stands this most interesting event, till we may hear something from Behring's Straits (for we have said we give up hope on the eastern side) early in the ensuing year.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

IRELAND.

[Having made a specific department, in our *Gazette*, of Archæology—though every week is bringing us fresh discoveries—we deem it expedient to go a little to certain arrears, so that all the important information of the year may be found in the volume for 1849.—Ed. L. G.]

At a meeting of the Royal Society of Dublin, Dr. Robinson read an interesting paper descriptive of the contents of an ancient bronze vessel found in the King's county, and now belonging to the collection of the Earl of Rosse. The antiquarian relics contained in this vessel comprised several celts, some spear heads, gouges, and curiously constructed bells; they were composed of a beautiful hard bronze, in splendid preservation, the metal being found on as-saying it to be amalgamated in the justest proportions for securing permanence and flexibility. Several of those relics were exhibited to the members, and drawings were shown, which were pronounced to be admirable in their fidelity and minuteness, of the several implements of war and husbandry which were not exhibited. The reverend gentleman referred to the drawings in illustration of his ingenious and classic theory as to the time of the formation of those instruments and their probable uses. "Several years ago (he proceeded to read) I remarked this vessel in the collection of the Earl of Rosse, and the singularity of its contents made me suppose a description of it

* The *Times* quotes a more promising view from the *Edinburgh Witness*, but we are afraid it is mistaken. Lady Franklin is in London.

might interest the academy. It had been purchased for Lord Rosse, about sixteen years since, by an inhabitant of Parsonstown; but the men who had found it, with that strange suspiciousness that is such a peculiar feature of the Irish peasant, had made him promise to keep the details secret during their lives. The last of them died this winter, and then Mr. — felt himself at liberty to give me this information. It was found in the townland marked Dooros-heath, in sheet 30 of the Ordnance Map of King's County, near Whigsborough, the residence of Mr. Drought, in what appears to have been a piece of cut-out bog, about eighteen inches below the surface. No river is near the spot; no bones, ornaments, or implements of any kind, were near it, though had any gold or silver been discovered, they would probably not have acknowledged it to any one. I could not learn in what position it was found. It is composed of two pieces, neatly connected by rivets. The bronze of which the sheets are formed possesses considerable flexibility, but is harder than our ordinary brass, and it must have required high metallurgic skill to make them so thin and uniform. On the other hand, it is singular that neither in this nor any other bronze implements with which I am acquainted are there any other traces of the art of soldering: if it might be supposed objectionable in vessels exposed to heat, yet in musical instruments this would not apply. The contents of this vessel are peculiar. When discovered (without any cover) it seemed full of marle, on removing which it was found to contain an assortment of the instruments which may be supposed most in request among the inhabitants of Ireland at that early epoch. A few were given away, one of each in particular to the late Dean of St. Patrick's; but the following remain:—Three hunting horns, with lateral embouchure; ten others of a different kind; some of the largest have the seam united by rivets, in others it is marked by a paler line in the bronze, which seems as if they had been brazed, but is probably owing to a thin web of metal which penetrated between the halves of the mould in which they were cast. Thirty-one bells of various sizes. They have loose clappers within, and many of them slits to let the sound escape more freely. The bronze in these is much harder than in the preceding, and has resisted decomposition almost entirely. It can scarcely be doubted that these were bells for cows and sheep, which would be specially useful among the dense forests which then overspread the island. Thirty-one celts, of different sizes, but none sufficiently large to induce a belief that they were used in war. In many the colour of the bronze is such as at first sight to excite an opinion that they were gilded. Three gouges; these are of comparatively rare occurrence, and were probably of less extensive use than the celts, just as the common carpenter's gouge is with respect to his chisel. Their round edge is well adapted either for paving, or for excavating bowls and goblets. But the finest specimens of workmanship are the spears, twenty-nine in number. These are of various sizes, and of greater diversity of pattern than the other implements. They also have their points and edges perfect, and seem never to have been used; they show not only that the workmen were perfect masters of the art of casting, but also that they possessed high mechanical perceptions. If these weapons and the bronze swords (of which our museum contain several) be compared to those used in our army, it will be seen that the former are constructed on principles far more scientific. Some of these may not be obvious to the ordinary reader, as they depend on the properties of bronze. This alloy, especially when in the proportion used for weapons (in which it is an atomic compound containing 14 equivalents of copper and one of tin, or nearly 88 and 12 by weight, and possesses a maximum specific gravity surpassing either of its elements), combines great strength and toughness; but has not hardness sufficient to take a permanent edge. It has, however, been shown by d'Arcet, that if its edge be hammered till it begins to crack, and then ground, it acquires a hardness not inferior to the common kinds of steel, and is equally fitted for cutting instruments. Now, in figure 14 (in the drawing) the strong central cone

of brown remaining, in its ordinary state, stiffens the weapon against fracture; while the thin webs on each side have evidently been subjected to some similar process, for their edges are much harder, as well as brittle. In the smaller weapon, figure 17, the web might be too thin, and it is reinforced by a pair of secondary ribs; and, in figure 16, the most highly-finished, by four such. These ribs, however, have so strong a resemblance to those on some Malay kris, that they may have been designed to retain poison. This practice, I fear, was not unknown among the ancient Irish, as, indeed, it seems to have prevailed among all the Celtic and Iberian races. The most obvious hypothesis respecting these curious objects is, that they were the property of some individual who concealed them in the bog, perhaps on the approach of a predatory party, and perished without recovering them. Against this are the facts that the tools and spears seem never to have been used, and the probability that in such times every spear head would have been mounted and in the hand of a combatant. It seems more likely that the collection was the stock of a travelling merchant, who went from house to house provided with the commodities most in request; and it is easily imagined that, if entangled in a bog with so heavy a load, a man must relinquish it. And this is connected with another question, the source from which the ancient world was supplied with the prodigious quantity of bronze arms and utensils, which we know to have existed. Many years since, I analysed a variety of bronzes, with such uniform results, that I supposed this identity of composition was evidence of their all coming from the same manufacturers. Afterwards I found that the peculiar properties of the atomic compound already referred to, are sufficiently distinct to make any metallurgist who was engaged in such a manufacture select it. But the same conclusion is forced on us from another ground. Bronze contains tin; now this metal, for all commercial purposes, may be said to be confined to the south-west of England; and, therefore, the bronze trade must have originated with persons who were in communication with Britain. But in ancient history we find only one people of whom this can reasonably be supposed, the Phœnicians, who seem to have been the great manufacturers and merchants in olden time. That they had factories in Spain at a very early period is known to all, and it seems very unlikely that such enterprising navigators would stop there. Of course one can attach little weight to the remote traditions of Irish history if unsupported by other probabilities; but the traces of Phœnician intercourse which they exhibit are borne out by the admixture of Punie words in the language, and by usages which show that the worship of the god Baal and other Sidonian rites had once prevailed in the island. Their traffic in amber proves that they must have gone yet further, even to the Baltic; for there we may be sure that the land carriage of precious material, through various and hostile regions, was almost impossible. Even down to the time of Aristotle, tin was described by the epithet 'Tyrian'; and in every nation where bronze was in use, their presence can be traced or inferred. In Egypt, where this compound was of universal use, we know that the people were little addicted to maritime pursuits; while they were in close communication with the Sidonians, who were of the same race. Of Etruria, not less remarkable for its employment of bronze, it is recorded that an expedition was fitted out to open a communication with the Tin Islands, which failed through the jealousy of the Phœnicians. Hence we may conclude that the latter held a monopoly of the tin. In Judea, we find Solomon obliged to employ a Tyrian founder for the bronze works of the temple, and we gather from the account, also, how they were cast in loam. But Greece, in the Homeric age, presents a state of things more conformable to what I suppose was the condition of Ireland when this collection was buried. Iron scarcely appears to be in use; and it may be surmised that the art of working bronze itself was not generally understood, from the poet's description of Vulcan making the arms of Achilles. No mention

is made of casters or moulders, though a reference to Milton's splendid description of the infernal palace shows how much more poetic that would have been than the hammer and anvil. Homer describes all articles of superior workmanship as Sidonian; and represents this people as trading in every part of Greece. Their ships run into some cove, and their factors go to the dwellings of neighbouring chiefs. These, though at feud among themselves, receive the strangers kindly, and purchase from them hardware, jewellery, articles of dress, and toys, in return for cattle and slaves. Now, just such a person I suppose the possessor of this vessel to have been, and of this very nation. Commerce was probably carried on in this way along the shores of the Mediterranean till the destruction of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar destroyed it also for a time, and then removed its most powerful centre of action to Carthage. That state seems to have chiefly directed its attention westward; and it is a confirmation of my opinion that the bronze trade was almost exclusively Phœnician—that about this time the use of the alloy rapidly gave way to iron and steel. In fact, the supply being cut off from Greece and Asia by the ruin of the Tyrians, they were obliged to seek other resources; but in Ireland and other Atlantic lands, the traffic must have continued—nay, perhaps even increased in consequence of that event, till the fall of Carthage finally cut it off. I would also throw out another suggestion, though at considerable risk of being thought a dreamer:—We see in Homer that the Phœnician traders were quite ready to have recourse to violence when they could profit by it; and from more historic sources, that in Libya and Spain they took an early opportunity of turning their factories into forts, and enslaving the natives. Did the same thing happen here when the Tuatha De Danaan, a tribe rich in metallic ornaments and weapons, subdued the ruder Firbolgs, who referred their superior knowledge to magic? Were these shadowy personages also Phœnician? Their name signifies 'the tribe of the gods of the Dami or Damii.' If the first, it might indicate Odin and his Ase; but besides that they must have been far later, it seems improbable that such fierce warriors would have been overpowered by any Celtic immigration. If the second; the inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall must have been completely under the influence of the Phœnician agents, and may at first have imagined and called their accomplished visitors deities. I believe it is held that the battle of Moytura, which established their dominion, was fought about six hundred years before our Lord, and therefore at the very time when the fall of Tyre may have been supposed to scatter its people, and the ruin of their commerce inclined them to desperate adventure. It is possible that this conjecture may be established or disproved by a comparison of the skulls found in the sepulchral monuments on their battle-fields, with those of Tyrian or Carthaginian origin, if any such are known to exist."

Mr. Petrie said it was worthy of remark that all bronze relics found in the King's County had that peculiar golden tinge referred to by Dr. Robinson in the course of his very able and interesting essay. He might also observe that it was manifest the ancient Irish understood the art of manufacturing bronze instruments such as those which had been exhibited that evening, because a large number of beautiful moulds for hatchets and other implements of warfare had been found from time to time in this country.

At the distribution of the prizes of the Royal Society, Sir William Betham addressed the Lord Lieutenant, (Clarendon), and in suitable terms thanked him for his presence, and for the benefits he had conferred on the Society and the country by his enlightened conduct. This his lordship acknowledged in the admirable manner which he carries into every public task, and after noticing the answers he had previously received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his promise to persevere, said: "My pledge has been redeemed; and, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer might, I believe, with equal, or even greater truth, have this

last year returned the same answer as before, yet effects have been found, and schools of design are about forthwith to be established, not only at Dublin, but at Belfast and at Cork. And as the arrangement consequent on this determination has been confided by the Government to me, I will take this opportunity of announcing that I propose to place the Dublin School of Design in connexion with the Royal Dublin Society. I think it is not too much to expect that Ireland, although deprived of the advantage of a fair start, will not be behindhand in the race of competition, where application and ingenuity, correctness of eye and facility of hand, are indispensable to successfully uniting beauty and utility, and adapting them to objects for which there is a constant demand."

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ p.m. (Despatch from Governor Fitzroy to Earl Grey, with Documents relative to the Expedition of the late Mr. Kennedy).—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Academy, 8 p.m. (Mr. Green's first Anatomical Lecture.)

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Zoological, 9 p.m. (Papers by Mr. Gray, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Gould, Mr. White, and Dr. Pfeiffer.)—Syr-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.

Wednesday.—Microscopical, 8 p.m.—Pharmaceutical, 9 p.m.—Ethnological, 8 p.m.—Literary Fund, 3 p.m.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Wednesday.

MR. MURRAY, I see, advertises in the *Literary Gazette* a forthcoming *Life of Calvin*. It may be as well perhaps to call his attention to the fact, already announced in your columns, that there was recently found in one of the public libraries of this country, a mass of private letters of the great religious reformer, which have not only never been published, but of which the existence was not even suspected. They are, I believe, partly in Latin, partly in French, and contain much that elucidates the events in which Calvin was an actor. By the order of the ex-Minister of Public Instruction, they are being prepared for the press; and it is perhaps desirable that they should not be neglected by the English biographer.

Apologies of literary discoveries, I ought to have informed you some weeks back, that some letters of Bossuet, to a nun, were recently brought to light in the library of La Flèche, and that in these letters is the MS. of a hymn written by him—the only verses, it is believed, that ever emanated from the eloquent pen of the "eagle of Meaux." I transcribe them as a great literary curiosity; and in the belief that the religious periodicals may think them worthy of being rendered into English, if not for their literary merit, at least as a mark of respect to one of the most illustrious divines of whom Christianity can boast. It will be observed that some of the verses are faulty, which is owing to the great prelate's poetical inexperience; and it will be seen also that the spelling of some of the words is not that which is now used:—

"Eternel! Je me tais; en ta sainte presence,
Je n'ose respirer; et mon ame en silence
Admire la hauteur de ton nom glorieux.
Que dirai-je? ahyé de cette mer profonde,
Pendant qu'à l'infini ta clarté nous inonde,
Pouvons-nous seulement ouvrir nos foibles yeux?"

"Si je veux commencer à chanter tes louanges,
Et que déjà meslé parmi les chœurs des anges,
Je médite en moi-même un cantique charmant,
Dès que pour l'entonner ma langue se dénoie
Je cesse au premier son, et mon cœur déçouvé,
De ma tremblante voix l'indigne bégayement."

"Plus je pousse vers toi ma sublime pensée,
Plus de ta majesté je la sens surpassée
Se confondre elle-même, et tomber sans retour.
Je t'approche en tremblant, lumière inaccessible;
Et sans voir dans son fond l'estre incompréhensible,
Par un vol étonné, je m'agite à l'entour."

"Cessez; qu'espérez-vous de vos incertitudes,
Vains penses, vains efforts, inutiles études?
C'est assez qu'il ait dit: Je suis celui qui suis;
Il est tout, il n'est rien de tout ce que je pense.
Avec ces mots profonds j'adore son essence,
Et sans y raisonner, en croyant je poursuis."

"Dieu puissant, trois fois saint, seul connu de toi-même,
A qui je dis sans fin, dans mon ardeur extrême,
Je suis à toi, Seigneur, et mon cœur est rendu:
(Mais quoi? puis-je l'aimer autant qu'il est aimable?)
Réponds dans mon esprit ton esprit ineffable,
Et recois dans ta paix mon amour éphémère."

"Descends, divin esprit, pure et céleste flamme,
Puissant moteur des cœurs qu'en secret je réclame;
Et toi qui le produis dans l'éternel séjour,
Accorde sa présence à mon ame impuissante,
Fais-en, car tu le peux, une fidèle amante,
Et pour te bien aimer donne-lui ton amour!"

It is worthy of being noted that literary criticism is coming generally into favour in Parisian journalism. For a long time the *Presse* was the only daily newspaper which regularly once a week gave an elaborate criticism on some recently published work, the *Journal des Débats*, however, now gives, every Sunday, an article on the literary productions of the week, in addition to the occasional criticisms of M. Saint Marc Girardin—which last are much "too few and far between" to satisfy his admirers: the *Constitutionnel* has also secured the valuable collaboration of M. de Saint Beuve for a weekly literary criticism; and, finally, the *Opinion Publique* announces that it, too, will henceforth specially occupy itself with literature. As these journals are the big guns, smaller fry will of course soon be constrained to follow their example. Good will come of this: authors will be more careful; merit more encouraged, and charlatanism less audacious. It is a scandal to the French press that it has hitherto so grievously neglected literature: a neglect truly extraordinary, when it is remembered that French literature stands among the highest, and boasts of being the highest in Europe: still more extraordinary when we see really superior men, like Jules Janin, Théophile Gautier, Rolle, de Matharel, Muret, Merle, and others, paid very high salaries by different journals to give a weekly report—not of books, which may live for ever—but of trashy, trumpery, nonsensical vaudevilles, which strut and fret a few days behind the lamps, and are then laid aside and forgotten for evermore.

It is the fashion here to dress up for the stage every romance which attracts any notoriety in the course of publication in *feuilletons*; thus we have at this moment Dumas' *La Guerre des Femmes* doing duty as a drama at the Théâtre Historique; and Sue's *Juif Errant* at the Ambigu. The custom, however, has been, not to turn the romances into dramas until the publication in the newspapers should be completed. A M. Paul Feval, who possesses a certain notoriety as the *révélateur* of the "Mysteries of London," (such marvellous mysteries, by the way, as Cockney never dreamt of,) has just thought fit to break through this rule, by bringing out a drama founded on a romance called *Les Belles de Nuit*, now in course of publication in the *feuilleton* department of the *Assemblée Nationale* newspaper. The proprietors of the newspaper, however, not unreasonably protest against this, on the ground that the romance loses all its interest by being put on the stage, and by having the *dénouement* anticipated; and they intend to pull up M. Feval before a law court, to see whether he has not been guilty of a virtual breach of engagement to them. The question raised is of some literary importance in this part of the world, and the decision is looked forward to with great interest.

Daumier had, in Monday's *Charivari*, a splendid caricature on Crémieux, the Jew representative who played a prominent part in the hurly-burly of February: on seeing his own face in a glass, the good man starts back in fright, and exclaims: "Good heavens! I cannot stop in a house where there is such a horribly ugly portrait!—But—eh—what—goodness! Why I declare it is my own face in the glass!" As Crémieux is blessed with a phiz the reverse of handsome, you see the sting of the caricature is severe enough; but the vigour of Daumier's sarcastic pencil made it truly terrible. M. Crémieux, it seems, took great offence, or the *Charivari* people themselves thought they had hit him too hard—I know not which; but in the course of the day the journal was withdrawn from all the subscribers, and another, with the biting caricature cancelled, sub-

stituted for it. This matter, to be sure, is of such small importance as not to be worth notice; but as M. Crémieux and the *Charivari* folks are particularly anxious that it should not be known, I, with the good nature which is one of the amiable characteristics of the journalists—tell it.

The past week has given us a tolerable crop of new books: not indeed to be compared to what we used to have before the blighting breath of Revolution swept over the land, but tolerable under existing circumstances. In the batch I notice two volumes of a *Memoir of Talma*, one of *Memoirs of a Russian Priest*, and one called *Confessions of a Revolutionist*, by the celebrated or notorious—whichever you please—but unquestionably able and eloquent, socialist, P. J. Proudhon.

BIOGRAPHY.

JAMES STUART, ESQ.

THE centre of a numerous circle of warm and attached friends, Mr. Stuart, one of the Inspectors of Factories, died at his residence, Notting-Hill, on Saturday last, in the 74th year of his age. Most hospitable, kind-hearted, and liberal, his modest cottage was the frequent scene of enjoyment, both social and intellectual, such as are rarely found even amid the million-counted inhabitants of London. Equally a man of energy in business and predilection for literature, the performance of his official duties as Inspector of Factories, and also of those of Chairman to the North British Assurance Company in London, was marked by prompt decision and practical intelligence; whilst his literary capacity was shown by the talent which guided the *Courier* newspaper during several important years, and his work upon America, over which he travelled, which was very favourably received by the people of both hemispheres. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Charles Stuart, and educated to the profession of the law, as a Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh. But the plodding law had no attractions for his active mind; and, succeeding to the small but delightful estate of Dunearn in the county of Fife, the position of a country gentleman opened to him a more congenial career; and the politics of Scotland at that time running very high, his staunch and uncompromising Whig principles were called into full exercise, and Dunearn, with its proprietor, became the head quarters of opposition to the Tory rule. On the latter side one of the most prominent partisans was Sir Alexander Boswell, the son of Johnson's satellite, and gifted with much witty pleasantry and caustic humour. Unfortunately, by the betrayal of MSS., some squibs he had written for a Glasgow newspaper, and one of them considered to reflect personally on Mr. Stuart, were traced to his pen; and Mr. Stuart, after due consultation with his political associates, including Lord Roslin, found himself in that condition of insult to his honour, as to be bound to demand satisfaction for the injury. Sir Alexander Boswell refused apology, and preliminaries being arranged, the fatal duel between them ensued. The late Robert Liston attended, as surgeon, on the field; and so entirely do we deem Mr. Stuart to have been an instrument in the hands of others—to whose opinions he must bow or lose caste—that we must say if there was manslaughter committed innocently and without malice, it was in this melancholy case. The result saddened many moments of Mr. Stuart's after life, and was occasionally recalled by accidental conversation or circumstances even amid festive enjoyments. On one such occasion he told us that he had never previously fired a pistol in his life!! His trial for the offence was almost a judicial triumph. There was much sorrow felt for the premature death of the social star extinguished in Boswell, but we believe there was hardly an individual who could blame Stuart, or believe that he had an option to act otherwise than he did.

Some years later he involved his fortunes in very great landed speculations, which the crisis of 1825 converted into ruin, instead of the realization of wealth which had been fairly anticipated on no ideal grounds. To avoid the immediate consequences and obtain

time for the arrangement of his affairs, Mr. Stuart, accompanied by his lady (now his afflicted widow), travelled, as we have noticed, in the United States, and published the rational and observant account to which we have alluded. On his return home he was absolved from pecuniary responsibility by his creditors, to whom all his property was made over, and who were fully satisfied of his high integrity and unavoidable misfortune. In the occupation afforded by the *Courier* newspaper his sanguine political bias had ample scope for exertion; but there were no party antipathies at his most hospitable board. Literary men of every shade of opinion were among his usual guests, and the rancour of the most opposite never ran higher than a jocular hit or amusing conversational banter. This state of society only exists in the metropolis, and it is so strange to persons in the provinces that they can hardly credit the most amicable associations enduring and flourishing for pleasant years, among Tories, Whigs, and Radicals of the deepest dyest. But so it is; and thus, in private life, there never was an individual more heartily esteemed than James Stuart.

Connected with his literary tastes and talents, we ought to record his judgment as a connoisseur in the fine arts and articles of virtue. Of these he had gradually made an admirable collection; recovering, after years had elapsed, some of the gems he had lost at the sale of Dunearn, and mingling them with new acquisitions of equal beauty and value. His walls were covered with pictures of rarity and price; specimens of which have been lent to the British Institution for exhibitions of the old Masters. We think we may safely affirm, that there are not a few unique and remarkable productions in this limited but very curious collection.

We have now only to add that Mr. Stuart was appointed an Inspector of Factories by Lord Melbourne, and that in his journeys throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, he was always accompanied by the cherished companion of his chequered lot. And we cannot close this sketch without offering a tribute of sympathy and respect to Mrs. Stuart, a tribute that will be most sincerely re-echoed from the breasts of all who have had the happiness to know her, and these may be numbered by hundreds upon hundreds of the best society throughout the land. The sweetest of tempers, the most cordial of manners, the calmest equanimity, and indeed every quality that can endear a Woman to her nearest connexions and remoter individuals, have been exemplified in her; and in every relation of life, of storm or sunshine, in which she could be viewed, she might truly be set up as a Model to her Sex. The heavy burden of her loss will be shared by many who can only thus testify their long-cherished regard for the dead and the living.

MUSIC.

M. Jullien's Concerts—Drury-Lane.—For too brief a time, previous to the opening of Old Drury for Dramatic performances, is M. Jullien permitted to wave his audience-and-orchestra-commanding wand in these ever attractive concerts. In a few weeks the noble band, now directed by his baton with such signal success, will be dispersed to the north, south, east, and west, only to be got together again at the expiration of many months of arduous musical engagements elsewhere during the season. In these concerts we now find the names of most of the most eminent instrumental performers engaged in the various orchestras of established reputation. There are also many other celebrities in his band more known as soloists, and the execution by these combined powers of a varied and well-chosen selection of classical and lighter music is at once elevating and delightful. But it is not only in instrumental music that these concerts rank so high;—last season we had Miss Miran as the vocalist—this season we have Mlle. Jetty Treffz, who sings English, as well as her own native songs, with "a voice to charm the ear." Altogether, M. Jullien's short season has commenced most auspiciously, and we wish it every success. All who love to hear good music well rendered can put

up with the variety of a polka or two, or any other kind of such "small deer."

London Wednesday Concerts.—The second and third of these agreeable and popular entertainments have passed off with as much success as the opening concert deserved and gained. The selections have been various and good, and a change in the vocalists has lent additional attraction to the "Evenings." Of the former the most judicious has been a nicely chosen variety from Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*; of the latter Miss Rainforth may be acknowledged to be principal. We are promised increasing attractions, and on Wednesday next, Ernst, the great violinist, is announced for a solo.

Holborn Vocal Concerts.—On Wednesday last we attended a meeting of a sort of Madrigal Club which is giving a series of most interesting vocal performances at the large hall in Holborn, more noted for fiery radical meetings, &c., than ought else. In any other locality these concerts would have commanded a certain degree of success, for with the increased taste for music, so boasted as having been spread amongst the people, the fine works of Benett, Morley, Calcott, &c. &c., ought to find multitudes of enthusiastic hearers. On this occasion we were much pleased, and think it would be difficult to find a corps who could render a Madrigal in better or more finished style. A great attraction to the concert was the first performance of an "Ode to Spring," composed by Mr. J. H. Tully. It is entirely given by soprano voices, and is a melodious and delicious composition.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—A one act farce, called *The Laughing Hyena*, was produced on Saturday last, founded on the old and prolific theme—jealousy, and although the incidents were amusing, and the acting in the safe hands of Mrs. Fitzwilliam and Miss Reynolds, and Messrs. Webster and Buckstone, it was treated by the audience with an uncalled-for severity. Many a worse piece has not only had a patient attention, but been loudly applauded. Buckstone as a *gent*, the *object*, and Webster as a husband, the *subject* of the green-eyed passion, were very amusing; and a few judicious curtailments that have been effected since the first night have placed the farce on the list of successful productions.

Lyceum.—*Methods I see my Father* is the title of a two act farce brought out at this theatre on Thursday evening. The comic incidents arise from the exertions of Mr. Charles Mathews to find a father for a friend, who is to be married on the same day with himself to one of two young ladies who will only be married simultaneously, and whose uncle, a man of rigid adherence to forms, will not permit the ceremony to take place without certificates of the birth of the bridegroom are produced. A variety of schemes are proposed by the ingenuity of Mr. Mathews, and several fathers suggested. To describe the equivokes that arise would be to destroy the pleasure to be derived from seeing the piece; in the end, however, the founding turns out to be the son of the rigid uncle himself. The weight of the farce was on the shoulders of Mr. Charles Mathews, who bore it through manfully and successfully; indeed, the whole of the acting was excellent. The first act is dull, but the second full of incidents, absurd and unexpected. The laughter throughout and applause on the fall of the curtain were enough to satisfy the mind of the writer, Mr. Morris Barnett.

Princess's.—An agreeable ballet, founded on the *Pas des Patineurs*, has been produced here. It is very well put on the stage; the skating is varied by a *pas seul* danced by Mlle. Auriol, and the comicallies of Mr. Flexmore. Aided by an effective scene, it forms a pleasant conclusion to the evening's entertainments.

Adelphi.—On Thursday evening an extravaganza, by Mr. Mark Lemon, called *Domestic Economy*, met with the success that never fails to attend pieces of a similar kind at this theatre. Mrs. Frank Matthews as a good humoured wife, and Mr. Wright as a sly husband, a matrimonial squabble and an interchange

of duties—the wife setting out to hoe potatoes, and the husband undertaking to prepare the dinner and attend to the shop—a series of practical jokes,—a slight incident, and the piece is finished. There has been some good acting on the stage, and lots of laughter among the audience, but it would be difficult to point out any literary or dramatic merit in the production, which owes its success to the humour of the performers, and the readiness of the audience to appreciate anything like fun proceeding from their favourite actors.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

CALMLY, with eyes that flash'd not, nor grew dim,
She utter'd passionate words, unmoved, untrebling,
Only her cheek betray'd the proud dissembling,
And colour'd slowly while she spake of him.
"I was (she said) the May-Queen of his whim;
He call'd me Empress—of his empty hours;
He crown'd his Sovran with a crown of flowers;
Did it to tinge some hueless interim.
But prince indeed to me, my God, my Jove;
I throng'd him in my heart, a happy spot;
My flower-crown faded, slower than his love;
And then I tried to say—why could I not?—
Go free, as I am! Then, no more mine own!
At once dethroned king, and kingless throne."

M. R.

WAS THE GLASS MADE FOR PHYSIC?

Anacreontic.

Was the glass made for physic?
Was life made for pain?
Must care and must sorrow
Still visit the brain?
No,—music and friendship
Shall teach us to-night
That the glass is for liquor,
And life for delight!
The glass for good liquor,
And life for delight!
'Tis the herald of gladness
Wherever it gleams,—
A ray of that Eden
We see in our dreams!
Blame him that with physic
First dull'd its pure shine,
But long life to the God
Who first fill'd it with Wine!
Great Bacchus—God Bacchus—
Who fill'd it with WINE!

CHARLES SWAIN.

OCT. 27, 1849.

NATURE, how fair art thou! and wondrous fair
Are all thy robes of light! investing thee
With lovely pomp, and holy mystery!
How I do love thee, Nature! and I dare
To sing thy praise! In earth and in the air,
In the deep ocean and the sky, we see
Thy beauty, power, and sublimity!
Thy music can dispel the gloom of care!
Thy perfume breath fills the impassion'd soul
With nameless joy; and rapturous thoughts arise!
Divine imaginings—beyond control!
In heartfelt gratitude, we raise our eyes—
And watch the living lamps in splendour roll,
A foretaste of Eternal Paradise.

MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

ORIGINAL,

AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

WEATHER RHYMES.

The following rhymes are spoken of the tides of the
severa, and serve as weather prognostics to the dwellers on
its banks:—

If it raineth when it doth flow,
Then take your ox and go to plow;
But if it raineth when it doth ebb,
Then yoke your ox and go to bed.
When Cader Idris hides his head,
The sun goes weeping to his bed.
P. B. 1849.

M. A. D.

VARIETIES.

Leeds Mechanics' Institute.—A brilliant annual
festival attested the progress of this well con-
ducted and growing institution, in the Stock
Exchange, on yesterday week. Lord Mahon was
in the chair, and the Assembly (about 600 in

number) was addressed in eloquent speeches, and full
of matter, by his lordship, the Dean of Ripon, Mr.
E. Baines, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Roebuck, Mr.
Shaw, the Mayor of Leeds; the Rev. Mr. Sinclair,
President of the Philosophical Society, and others.
The Report of the Secretary, Mr. Wilson, stated that
"the institution was formed by the union of two
others in 1842; at that time they had 667 members;
in 1843 they had 750; in 1844 they had 770; in
1846 their members had increased to 1244; in 1847
they were 1534; and the last time they met in this
way they were told the number of members was 1868.
The number on the books at the present moment was
1820. As to the number of volumes in their library,
when they were first united to the Literary Institution
they possessed 5066 volumes; and this number had
gradually increased until they now possessed 7270.
Within six years there had been an increase of 2000
volumes, and there would have been half as many
more if the members had been more careful of the
books they had taken out. The number of volumes
issued during the year had been 42,702, and of
periodicals 7101."

Indian Produce.—A less exciting but perhaps far
more important subject than military movements is
the cultivation of tea in the Upper Provinces, which
is extending and likely to be completely successful.
A sale was lately reported in which most encouraging
prices were obtained, the average being upwards of
four shillings a pound.—*The Englishman*, Sept. 20.

Society of Arts.—Such an impulse has been given
to the revival of this Institution, that between fifty
and sixty new members were elected at the last meet-
ing this week.

The Royal Institute of British Architects had the
first meeting on Monday; and a paper (to be noticed
hereafter) by Dr. Whewell, on the later Gothic archi-
tecture of Germany.

British Archaeological Association.—Some changes
have recently taken place in the Council. The
President has resigned the Presidency, and Mr.
Crofton Croker, Secretary, and Mr. Wright, Secretary
for Foreign Correspondence, their seats in the
Council. Mr. Planché has been elected Secretary in
the room of Mr. Croker, and Mr. E. Bedford Price
has been elected into the Council.

Mr. Milman, the poet, has been appointed Dean
of St. Paul's, the revenues of which are 2000*l.* per
annum. The theological writings of the dean will
be as well remembered by the religious world as his
Fall of Jerusalem, and other Poems, by the admirers
of elevated poetry.

Insanity.—Letters from Vienna state that the
Austrian Minister, Count Stadion, has sunk into a
condition of apathetic imbecility in consequence of
the over-exertion of his mental faculties; and that
Lennu, the poet, Count Taaffe, and many other
persons in Germany, have become lunatic from similar
causes. We notice this as consonant to the fact that
the bankruptcies occasioned by the great railroad
failures, produced a like increase of the malady
throughout the northern parts of England.

'Gowd in Goupsens.'—A large lump of gold is
asserted to have been sent to Mexico from the Cali-
fornian "diggings," 14*½* lb troy in weight, and bought
for 3560 dollars.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

M. Guizot's New Work.—We are glad to learn that M.
Guizot, at his retreat of Val Richer, has just finished his
Introduction to the History of the English Revolution.
intended to preface the new edition of the first two volumes
of his History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.
We understand that it will form a philosophical discourse
on the affairs of that eventful period, and that it is to be
published in a separate form, simultaneously, in London
and Paris.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Airy's (G. B.) Six Lectures on Astronomy, 8vo, cloth, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Appendix to Cromwell's Letters, Speeches, &c., by Carlyle,
8vo, cloth, 3*s.*
Biblical Atlas, by the Author of the People's Dictionary of
the Bible, 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Bremer's President's Daughter, Strife and Peace, and
H. Family, 18mo, cloth, each, 2*s.*

British Tariff, 1849-50, 12mo, cloth, 5*s.*
Bromsgrove's Greek Grammar, by Jacobs, 12mo, cl., 1*s.* 6*d.*
Bythwood's Precedents in Conveyancing, new edition,
edited by Shadwell, 6 vols., royal 8vo, vol. 1, 1*s.* 1*s.*
Carlyle's Cromwell, 3rd edit., 4 vols., post 8vo, cloth, 12*s.* 2*s.*
Chambers' Information, vol. 2, royal 8vo, 8*s.*
Chamier's (Capt.) Review of the French Revolution of 1848,
2 vols., 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*
Christian Keepsake, 1850, 10*s.*
Colenso's Elements of Algebra, adapted to Teachers and
Students in the University, 8vo, boards, 12*s.* 6*d.*
Cotterill's (Rev. H.) Seven Ages of the Church, 8vo, 8*s.*
Cox's Companion to the Medicine Chest, new edition,
18mo, 2*s.*
Cox's Companion to the Sea Medicine Chest, new edition,
18mo, 2*s.*
Ellie's Fireside Tales, vol. 4, post 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*, 6*s.*
Fox's (Rev. J.) Protestant Martyr, 18mo, cloth, 2*s.*
Freese's (J. H.) Commercial Class Book, 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Glasgow Infant School Repository, 18mo, 3*s.*
Gresley's Coniston Hall, 12mo, cloth, 2nd edition, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Gronow's (J.) Review of England and Wales, 12mo, cl., 6*s.*
Hill's Lectures on Divinity, 5th edition, 8vo, cloth, 14*s.*
Howitt's Our Cousins, cloth, 6*s.*
Howson's (Rev. J. S.) Sunday Evening, 12mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Hughes' (W.) School Atlas of Physical Geography, 12mo,
cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Hughes' (E.) Outlines of Physical Geography, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Hunt's (Robert) Panthea, Spirit of Nature, 8vo, cl., 10*s.* 6*d.*
Johnston's Physical Atlas, 4to, half-bound, morocco,
12*s.* 12*s.* 6*d.*
Longfellow's Hyperion, Kavanagh, 18mo, cloth, each, 2*s.*
Poetical Works, 18mo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Prose Works, 18mo, cloth, 3*s.*
Leask's (Rev. W.) Views from Culinary, 18mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Lectures to Young Men, vol. 1, cloth, 4*s.*, sewed, 3*s.*
Legal Year Book for 1850, 5*s.*
Lessons on Industrial Education, 12mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Loudon's Tales of the School, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Lumby's Poor Law Acts, 1849, 12mo, boards, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Merrigton's (Professor) First Steps in the French Language,
12mo, 1*s.*
Milman's Voices of Harvest, cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*
Morris's (J.) Planning, Sewing, &c., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Neale's (Rev. J. M.) English History for Children, third
edition, 18mo, cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Ned Allen; or, the Past Age, by D. Hammond, Esq., 2 vols.,
post 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*
Pinder's (J. H.) Sermons on Common Prayer, third edition,
12mo, boards, 7*s.*
Roland Cashel, by Lever, 8vo, cloth, 2*s.*
Ross's (G.) Leading Cases in the Law of Scotland, royal
8vo, 1*s.* 11*s.* 6*d.*
Sermysgeour's (D.) Class Book of English Poetry, 12mo,
roan, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Sermysgeour's (D.) Class Book of English Poetry, in 2 parts,
each, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Shelford's Bankrupt Law Consolidation Act, 12mo, 12*s.*
Sigourney's Lays of the Heart, Scenes in my Native Land,
and Pleasant Memories, each, 2*s.*
Siner's (A.) Principles of the Human Mind, 8vo, cl., 2*s.* 6*d.*
Sophisms of Free Trade and Popular Political Economy,
examined by a Barrister, 12mo, cloth, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Symes' (J.) Strictures of Urethra, 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Text Book; or, Sanctuary Remembrances, 12mo, 1*s.*
Tweedie's Life of the Rev. J. Macdonald, second edition,
8vo, cloth, 8*s.* 6*d.*
Verschayle's (Rev. H.) Bond of Perfection, 12mo, cl., 4*s.*
Vine's (W. R.) English-Latin Dictionary, 24mo, roan, 4*s.* 6*d.*
Wetton's Guide Book to Northampton and its vicinity,
12mo, 5*s.*
Which is Best; being Stories of Five Scenes and Divisions
of the Earth, post 8vo, 2*s.* 6*d.*
Wonders of Home, square, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Wood's (P.) Pure Christianity Restored, 8vo, cloth, 5*s.*,
sewed, 4*s.*
Young's (Rev. J.) Scripture Natural History, post 8vo,
cloth, 2*s.* 6*d.*

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should
indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
Nov. 10 . . .	11 44 6.6	Nov. 14 . . .	11 44 28.4
11 . . .	— 44 13.3	15 . . .	— 44 49.0
12 . . .	— 44 21.0	16 . . .	— 45 0.0
13 . . .	— 44 29.4		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It has become a custom with many periodicals to
insert the names of books sent to them for review, but as
we make a point of noticing almost every publication sent to
us, we have not adopted the practice. This week, however,
we have received so many proofs of the revival of the
publishing season, that we beg to acknowledge some twenty
or thirty volumes from various publishers, for which we
could not find time and room in this Gazette.

Quero,—"Like angel visits, few and far between."

T. Campbell.

X. Q. Q.—We trust we shall find a place.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—Notice is hereby Given to the Members and Students that **JOSEPH HENRY GREEN, Esq.**, the Professor of Anatomy, will deliver his First Lecture on **MONDAY EVENING NEXT**, the 12th instant, at Eight o'Clock, and his succeeding Lectures on the Three Following Mondays, Thursday, the 13th, and Monday, the 17th of December.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—THURSDAY, November 15th, having been set apart for a day of General Thankgiving, there will be no Meeting of the Society on that Evening.

CHARLES RICHARD WELD, Assistant Secretary.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—The 15th instant having been appointed for a General Thankgiving, there will be no Evening Meeting of the Society on that Day.

J. Y. AKERMAN, Secretary.

SALES BY AUCTION.

Library, Autographs, and Prints of the late Ed. Raleigh Moran, Esq. Six Days' Sale.

PUTTICK and SIMPSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property, will **SELL BY AUCTION**, at their Great Room, 191, Piccadilly, on **MONDAY, November 19** (instead of the 12th, as before advertised), and five following days, the **LIBRARY** of the late **ED. RALPH MORAN, Esq.** (many years Sub-Editor of the *Globe* newspaper); the interesting Autograph Letters, many thousand Topographical and other Engravings, and an immense mass of Newspaper Cuttings and Scraps, mostly mounted and arranged for binding. Catalogues will be sent on application.

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